The Summoning & The Awakening

Story Outline

"The Summoning & The Awakening" is a gripping science fiction novel set in a world where humanity faces a series of mysterious events and global disasters. From 2026 to 2028, the story follows the journey of a young boy named Jupiter as he navigates through school life, international politics, technological advancements, and the evolution of human consciousness. The narrative explores themes of unity, cooperation, and the power of belief, ultimately leading to a new era of peace and justice for humanity.

Chapter Summaries

Chapter One - The Call

Jupiter, a curious 12-year-old, experiences a mysterious voice that predicts a critical moment for human evolution in 2027. This sets him on a path of self-discovery and raises questions about humanity's future.

Chapter Two - The Purge

In the last week of summer break, a mysterious event causes a global internet outage, followed by a series of unexplained disasters. The world is thrown into chaos, and people start to question the stability of their reality.

Chapter Three - The Revelation

As tensions rise, a catastrophic event strikes Hesperia Nation, plunging it into darkness. The international community scrambles to understand the cause, setting the stage for a global crisis.

Chapter Four - The Collapse

With the world on edge, Jupiter prepares to enter middle school amidst global unrest. The narrative delves into the unraveling of societal norms and the struggle for stability.

Chapter Five - The Four Horsemen

Fourteen days after the Hesperia disaster, the world is in turmoil. International efforts to aid the affected areas are thwarted, leading to a breakdown in global cooperation and a rise in fear and paranoia.

Chapter Six - Prelude

As the crisis deepens, a multinational team attempts to enter Hesperia Nation, only to find it eerily deserted. The team discovers clues that suggest a deeper, more sinister force at play.

Chapter Seven - Fulfillment

The truth about Hesperia's fate is revealed, and the international community must confront the possibility of a new world order. The narrative explores the consequences of unchecked power and the need for unity.

Chapter Eight - The Arrival of the Fifth Horseman

The United Nations faces a pivotal moment as it decides the fate of Hesperia's territories. The story takes a dramatic turn as old alliances are tested, and new powers emerge.

Chapter Nine - The Great Hunt

In the aftermath of Hesperia's collapse, a global manhunt ensues for those responsible for the disaster. The narrative shifts to the power struggles and chaos that ensue as old regimes fall.

Chapter Ten - The Great Judgment

The world witnesses a historic tribunal as war criminals are brought to justice. The narrative examines the themes of accountability and the quest for justice in a changing world.

Chapter Eleven - The Mysterious Message

On New Year's Eve, a mysterious message appears globally, offering cryptic insights into human potential and the future of civilization. The story raises questions about the nature of reality and human consciousness.

Chapter Twelve - An Unprecedented Global Summit

World leaders gather for a summit to discuss the implications of the mysterious message. The narrative explores the potential for global cooperation and the reshaping of societal values.

Chapter Thirteen - The Supreme Council of Human Civilization

The United Nations is restructured into the Supreme Council, marking a new era of global governance. The story delves into the

challenges and opportunities of creating a more just and equitable world.

Chapter Fourteen - The Proclamation of the Supreme Principles

The Supreme Council unveils a new set of principles aimed at guiding humanity toward a brighter future. The narrative examines the balance between freedom and responsibility in shaping a new world order.

Chapter Fifteen - The Dawn of a Unified Human Civilization

The Supreme Council's initiatives begin to transform global systems, from military to economic. The story highlights the potential for unity and cooperation in addressing global challenges.

Chapter Sixteen - The Change of the World - Military

The restructuring of military forces leads to a new era of global security. The narrative explores the balance between defense and offense in a rapidly changing world.

Chapter Seventeen - The Change of the World - Digital Currency

The shift to digital currencies revolutionizes the global economy. The story examines the impact of technology on financial systems and the potential for greater transparency and fairness.

Chapter Eighteen - The Change of the World - Finance & Investment

The overhaul of financial regulations creates a more stable and equitable market. The narrative explores the role of innovation and ethics in shaping a new financial landscape.

Chapter Nineteen - Land and Real Estate

The redefinition of land ownership leads to a more sustainable and inclusive approach to urban development. The story highlights the importance of community and cooperation in building a better future.

Chapter Twenty - Healthcare & Medicine

Advancements in medical technology improve global health outcomes. The narrative examines the intersection of tradition and innovation in healthcare.

Chapter Twenty-One - Food & Water

The establishment of a global food security system ensures access to nutritious food for all. The story explores the potential for technology to address global challenges.

Chapter Twenty-Two - Education

A new educational system emphasizes holistic development and global citizenship. The narrative highlights the importance of innovation and collaboration in shaping the future of learning.

Chapter Twenty-Three - International Relations & Economic Trade

The restructuring of international relations promotes cooperation and mutual understanding. The story examines the role of diplomacy and trade in building a more interconnected world.

Chapter Twenty-Four - Artificial Intelligence & The Changing Society

The integration of AI transforms daily life and work. The narrative explores the ethical implications of technology and the potential for AI to enhance human capabilities.

Chapter Twenty-Five - Epilogue: Shifting Perception – We Can All Reach the Seventh Parallel Reality

Jupiter reflects on the transformative power of human consciousness and the potential for a new era of peace and understanding. The story concludes with a message of hope and unity for humanity's future.

Reading Tips:

This story is purely fictional and intended for personal entertainment purposes, but some content may cause emotional discomfort for a small number of people. Please decide for yourself whether to continue reading.

Chapter One – The Call

It was just a regular, sunny morning in 2026. Nothing special.

Me? I’m Jupiter. Twelve years old. Sixth grader.

I was standing at the bus stop in front of our house, squinting up at the bright morning sun. The light was kind a harsh, so I looked down at my dad next to me and asked, kind a random:

“Hey, Dad… what do you think is the biggest difference between people and animals?”

Without even thinking, he reached over and ruffled my hair like he always did, then said:

“Well… the difference is, people can control themselves. Animals? When they’re hungry, they eat. When they’re scared, they run. Everything they do is about themselves. But people? We’ve got love. We feel bad for others. We want to help. And we try to do the right thing. We follow rules. We have morals. People gotta learn to control those selfish urges that might hurt others — otherwise, we turn into jerks. And the ones with power? They should use it to make the world better.”

I nodded, didn’t say much, but inside… my brain kind a went off on its own little tangent.

We kept chatting, and then—*vroom vroom*—the school bus pulled up with its usual puff-puff-puff sound and stopped right in front of us.

I hopped on like always, found my usual window seat, leaned my head against the glass, and pretty soon… my eyelids started drooping.

And then—

I don’t even know if I actually fell asleep or if I was just half-dreaming or what—

But suddenly, this voice—super clear, but not coming through my ears, more like it just blasted straight into my brain—said:

> “Attention, all humans. The year 2027 will be a critical moment for collective evolution and a leap in spiritual frequency. You must accelerate your self-awareness, learn to treat others with love, and practice self-discipline. Clear your minds of all negative and harmful thoughts. Become truly worthy human beings as quickly as possible. This is your final chance to change.”

I jolted awake so hard my heart started pounding like crazy. But the bus? Totally normal. Kids were chatting, some were eating breakfast, the usual morning chaos. Nothing weird at all.

But the voice? It wasn't done.

> "The laws of the universe can't directly interfere with your collective will. But the energy of love is far more powerful than selfishness or evil. If enough of you wake up, everything that happens in the second half of this year will become the driving force for this evolution. There's no need to be afraid."

Then it got darker.

> "But those who can't raise their spiritual level — who are still stuck in their animalistic ways, only caring about their own desires and willing to hurt others — won't be able to adapt to the new dimensional reality. They… will be naturally phased out."

And then…

Just like that. The voice was gone.

I sat there, frozen. My head buzzing. My thoughts spinning like I'd just been tossed into a blender.

The bus driver's voice snapped me out of it:

"Garden Elementary—next stop!"

I practically jumped out of my seat like I'd been electrocuted, still half out of it, and followed the other kids off the bus and into school.

But here's the weird part:

I couldn't focus on anything for the rest of the morning.

Not the Chinese lesson. Not the math formulas. Everything felt kind a fuzzy, like it was underwater.

But those words from the voice? They just kept playing on loop inside my head:

> "Evolution."
>
> "Clear your minds."

“Final chance.”

Like some busted recording stuck on repeat. I couldn’t turn it off.

At recess, my best friend Xiao Jin came up and slapped me on the shoulder.

“Yo, Jupiter, you spacing out or what? Did aliens kidnap your soul or something?”

He handed me half a cookie. I took it and bit into it like a robot, still staring into space.

“Hey…” I mumbled, “what do you think… if aliens *did* come… what would they even wanna tell us?”

Xiao Jin blinked, then burst out laughing.

“Hah? Probably something like—‘Earthlings, hand over all the snacks!’” He even did this over-the-top alien invasion gesture, pretending to steal stuff.

I forced a little smile, but it didn’t really reach my eyes.

His joke didn’t help. Not one bit.

Later that afternoon, in geography class, the teacher was droning on about monsoon zones and climate patterns. I stared at the colorful maps in my textbook, my fingers doodling little circles on the blank margins.

But all I could hear in my head were those words again:

“Evolution.”

“Clear your minds.”

“Final chance.”

Like something huge was about to change.

And me?

I had a feeling…

I was already caught up in it.

The sun outside the window was warm.

But all I could feel was this weird chill creeping up my spine.

Was the world really gonna get better — just because people learned to "love" and "control themselves," like my dad said?

Or…

Were we actually standing at the edge of some invisible cliff… and that voice… was just the first warning?

Chapter Two – The Purge

It was August 25th, 2026 — the last week of summer break.

I'd just finished packing my bag for middle school and glanced at my schedule—ugh, my Chinese teacher actually gave us summer homework?!—when I was about to kick back and do absolutely nothing…

…when my buddies, Xiao Jin and the crew, dragged me into an online game session. We were jumping into a team battle, doing our usual squad grind.

I was chilling on the couch, controller in hand, my character mid-ultimate move, about to get the final kill—

—and then…

Everything froze.

Like, literally frozen. As if someone hit the pause button on the whole world.

My character's sword was still hanging in midair. The monster on the other side was frozen mid-roar, mouth wide open. Even the little birds in the background were stuck like a paused JPEG. The whole map? Just… still. Like a screenshot.

I blinked. "Uh… what the heck? Did the server crash or something?"

Through my headset, Xiao Jin's voice came through, background noise of him furiously mashing his keyboard: "What the hell is going on?! I can't even use my skills. I was full HP just now!"

Another friend chimed in: "No way this is just our internet. My game's frozen too—it's like a freakin' PowerPoint slide!"

I glanced down at my screen and realized… out of everything in the game, only the **public chat channel** — you know, that global lobby where everyone talks trash and asks for heals — was still scrolling.

I skimmed through it… and immediately got a bad feeling.

“Wait… guys, check the public chat,” I said.

Everyone paused for a sec, then slowly turned to look.

What we saw next… wasn’t your usual “anyone up for a raid?” or “who’s got healing?”

Nope.

The usual dumb small talk had vanished. In its place?

> “Yo, did my internet just die or is it just me?”
>
> “Seriously, everything just locked up. Couldn’t move at all…”
>
> “No way… did anyone see the news? Something huge just went down in Hesperia Nation!”

Then a new message popped up — username looked foreign, something like *ShadowHunter9527* (I didn’t catch the exact name), and the last line he typed made my entire body lock up:

> “Wait, did anyone else catch the news?! Something crazy just happened in Hesperia Nation!! Six planes just vanished mid-flight — like… they got erased or something!!”

I froze.

Xiao Jin’s voice came through the headset again: “What?! Vanished? What are you even talking about?”

Another friend jumped in: “Dude, I just Googled it… holy crap, it’s real!! There’s a headline — nationwide disaster in Hesperia Nation!”

Almost at the same time, we all scrambled out of the game. Mouse fingers flying. News sites popped up one after another, flooding the screen with breaking headlines:

Hesperia Nation: Total System Collapse – Power, Communications, and Machinery Systems Offline Nationwide

Six Civilian Airliners Enter Airspace, Then Disappear Without a Trace — Confirmed Crashes

Military Ships from the Starland Nation and The Mizi Nation Attempt Rescue, But Lose All Power Upon Entering Border Waters

Ground Vehicles: Engines Die Instantly, Electronics Fail — Like They've Turned to Scrap Metal

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And then there was the photo.

The one that got shared over and over again.

It was a satellite image of Hesperia Nation's capital — a city that was usually so bright at night, it lit up the skyline like a neon galaxy.

But in this photo?

The entire city was dark. Completely blacked out.

No streetlights. No headlights. Not even a single glow from any window.

The streets? Empty.

No movement. No life. Just… silence.

And if you zoomed in close enough?

You could just barely make out tiny dots.

People. Moving slowly. On foot.

Like swarms of silent ants crawling through the ruins of a giant, dead steel forest.

"…Damn," Xiao Jin finally said. That was it. Just… "Damn."

Another friend didn't say anything at all. I could hear his mouse wheel spinning like crazy, and a sharp inhale — like he'd just been punched in the gut.

I stared at that photo.

My mind went blank for a second… then slowly, a feeling started creeping up from the bottom of my spine.

Not fear. Not exactly shock.

But something else.

A coldness. Rising. Slowly. From deep inside.

Later that afternoon, the internet was even more flooded — but the theories? Even wilder.

Some people said it was an **EMP weapon**.

Others guessed **alien interference**.

A few were calling it mass hysteria or even a **collective hallucination**.

And then there were the conspiracy nuts, claiming Hesperia had been running some kind of **“purification experiment”** that went horribly wrong.

But no matter what anyone said…

No theory could explain the weirdest part:

That entire country… felt like it had been **covered by an invisible dome.**

Nothing could get in.

Nothing could get out.

Planes crashed right at the border, like a grim line in the sand.

Warships sat dead in the water, engines offline, unable to move.

Cars lined up along the frontier, engines still warm, smoke curling from their hoods… but not a single one would start.

“What the hell is going on?” I whispered under my breath.

My fingers moved absently over the mouse, scrolling… but I didn’t even want to click on the next headline.

I looked out the window.

The summer sun was still shining bright, warm enough to make your skin tingle.

But my back?

It was getting cold. Again.

Hesperia Nation — that faraway place I'd barely ever thought about — now felt like some kind of massive, silent question mark.

Heavy. In all of our minds.

Like…

Something had already begun.

And we… might not even realize it yet.

Chapter Three – ***The Apocalypse***

It was August 27th, 2026.

If I had to sum up the vibe of the day in one sentence?

The whole world felt like it had been shoved into some kind of **information overload loop**, and there was no way to escape.

TVs. Phones. Even that busted speaker outside the corner convenience store. The giant TV wall at the diner down the road.

They were all playing the same thing, on repeat:

- Live feeds from Hesperia Nation.
- Interviews with so-called "experts."
- Grim-faced statements from government officials.
- Blurry, low-res footage smuggled in from the border.

The air itself felt… off.

Not like smoke or fire — but that weird, overheated, burnt-out feeling you get when your brain's been stuffed with *too much*, all at once. Too fast. Too scary.

The **International Atomic Energy Agency** had just raised the threat level to its highest alert.

They said Hesperia's nuclear power plants were basically like kettles with holes in them — the cooling water was gone, and the reactor cores were now **"melting down in complete silence."**

Sounds like sci-fi jargon, right?

But we all knew what that meant.

Radiation levels were spiking — and no one could stop it.

The moment that news dropped?

It was like someone dropped an ice cube into a frying pan of hot oil.

BOOM.

Panic exploded in government buildings around the globe. Blood pressure cuffs probably exploded too — metaphorically, of course.

Wanted to send in planes?

As soon as they got close, they'd just drop out of the sky — *thud*— like they'd been hit by some invisible sledgehammer.

Tried sending warships?

Once they crossed into the affected waters, every electronic system went dead. Ships just floated there — dead in the water — like heaps of rusted junk.

Tried sending people in on foot?

Don't even joke about it.

International health workers who did-manage to get close enough to the border — risking their lives just to take a peek — came back with nothing useful. No clean water. Just radiation dust on their clothes… and a whole new level of cold, deep-down fear.

Their reports?

They sent chills down everyone's spine.

Hesperia Nation wasn't just broken.

It wasn't even a "modern country" anymore.

Faucets wouldn’t turn on. Lights wouldn’t flicker. Food in refrigerators had rotted. Some of it was so bad, bugs were crawling out of it.

But the scariest part?

The people.

Some observers reported finding bodies.

And I mean… not normal bodies.

Some of them were shrunken, vacuum-dried, skin stretched tight over bone. Their stomachs were sunken in — empty. Their internal organs? Just… gone.

Vanished. No blood. No mess. Just… missing.

No one had any idea what the hell was going on.

And the ones who were still alive?

Even worse.

Panic spread like wildfire — fast, hot, and out of control.

What started as desperation for food and water quickly turned into paranoia, then violence.

Streets turned into battlefields.

Fists. Metal pipes. Broken chairs. Anything people could get their hands on became a weapon.

Different skin color? Different religion? That made you an easy target.

Near the border with Olive Nation — things had completely fallen apart.

Hesperia citizens, driven half-mad by hunger, started charging the border fences like animals.

Some made it through. Some got tackled. Others just turned around and attacked each other.

Whoever managed to break into Olive Nation territory? They flooded into nearby towns and villages like a burst dam — bringing chaos, fear… and even more refugees.

“Bread!! Water!! Medicine!! Please, anything!!”

At a tiny grocery store near the border in Olive Nation, a chubby shopkeeper clung to his empty shelves, trembling as he stared out the window at a mob of people charging toward him — some swinging sticks, others holding kitchen knives like cavemen.

He slapped the counter over and over, screaming:

“Canned food!! Somebody give me a freakin’ can!! Right now, canned food’s more important than my wife!!”

And the response from Olive Nation — and pretty much every other neighboring country?

Lock the gates. Weld the borders shut.

Soldiers and police lined up along the frontier, guns pointed outward. Layer after layer of barbed wire. Electric fences went up overnight.

Anyone who tried to climb over?

Met with tear gas. Water cannons. And no mercy.

Embassies around the world went into panic mode, flooding in boxes with evacuation warnings.

At my house, a few neighbors had gathered near the window, listening to the latest radiation spread forecast on the radio. Their faces were grim. Dark.

One old man clutched his completely dead smartphone — screen black as a brick — his reflection dim and lost inside it.

“My daughter…” he muttered, voice barely audible over the news anchor’s panicked voice. “She’s still over there… in school…”

His words were swallowed up almost instantly by the next urgent update.

And then—

From somewhere near the edge of Hesperia’s radiation zone — one of the border observation posts — a field observer was watching through high-powered binoculars, scanning the ruins.

There was nothing but rubble. Burned-out cars. Scattered debris. Signs of desperate escape.

And then—

Without any warning at all—

Right in the middle of the wreckage…

…a blinding, searing light exploded into view.

Pure white. So bright it didn’t look natural. Didn’t look like an explosion or lightning or anything anyone could explain.

It was like… the world had been torn open from behind.

The observer’s throat tightened. He inhaled sharply, fingers shaking as he tried to adjust the focus on his scope—

But before he could see anything clearly…

The light vanished.

Just like that.

Gone.

All that was left…

Was a lingering afterimage burned into his vision…

…and a deep, bone-chilling cold that crawled up from the pit of his stomach —

And settled in his chest.

Like he’d just caught a glimpse of something… he was never meant to see.

Chapter Four – *The Collapse*

It was August 31st, 2026.

Tomorrow, I — Jupiter — would officially become a middle schooler.

Was supposed to be one of those days that’s kind a nerve-wracking, but also kind a exciting. I mean, I’d just survived six whole years of elementary school. Middle school meant a new chapter. A step up.

But for some reason… I didn’t feel that usual “countdown to the first day” buzz.

It was evening. I was sitting on the living room couch, the TV screen flickering light across the walls, the news anchor’s voice buzzing in the background like white noise — so steady it was starting to make my ears itch.

My mom walked by and plunked a glass of milk down on the coffee table with her usual *clink*.

“Drink that and get to bed early,” she said, same tone as always. “Don’t show up to meet your new teachers tomorrow looking like a zombie.”

I nodded, took a sip, but my eyes stayed glued to the TV.

My dad was on the other end of the couch, head down, scrolling through his phone like crazy, fingers flying over the screen like he was hunting for something important.

Then he frowned and muttered to himself:

“Weird… all my coworkers in North America just went dark. No replies to any emails. Hey, it’s just a nuclear leak in Hesperia, right? How come even *North America*’s going nuts over there?”

The second he said that — his phone rang.

It was Uncle Lin, his colleague. I heard my dad switch into that calm-but-low-tone voice he uses when he’s trying not to sound too worried.

“Hey Xiao Lin, don’t panic. I heard your daughter’s family is still safe in the States… yeah, that’s the main thing. At least they’re alive. But I heard credit cards and ATMs are all screwed up too, huh? Alright, just focus on keeping everyone safe. We’ll figure the rest out later.”

I sipped my milk and glanced over at the local news ticker scrolling across the bottom of the screen:

> **“Border clashes escalate in Olive Nation…”**
>
> **“Hesperia nationals storm international aid convoys…”**

> **“Bank in Starland sees massive crowds, public outrage — reports of shattered bulletproof glass…”**

Then the screen cut to a live shot — a blond guy, face smashed right up against the inside of a bank’s bulletproof window, mouth hanging open like a goldfish out of water, trying to yell something at the tellers inside. Behind him, people were shouting, some even smashing on the glass doors.

I snorted and said, “Dad, look at that guy. Looks just like our stupid goldfish back home — you know, the one with the bulgy eyes?”

“Ha-ha, real funny,” my mom snapped, smacking me on the thigh with the back of her hand. Then she reached over and turned off the TV. “Look at this garbage. You see those bodies with their muscles melting off? And you’re making fish jokes?”

The TV went *click*— black.

The room instantly got darker, lit only by the faint glow of my dad’s phone screen, casting shadows across his furrowed brow.

I shrank a little in my seat. There was still a ring of dried milk on the bottom of my cup, sticky and gross.

Just then, I heard our neighbor Old Zhao yelling through the window — loud enough that I could hear him clear as day:

“This stupid bank app’s down AGAIN!! I can’t even get into my overseas account!”

Seemed like the whole street had been like this lately.

Every time the news blasted something like “foreign financial collapse,” or “public panic buying,” or “government declares emergency state”… it was immediately followed by the sound of someone slamming a door, smashing something, or just yelling at the TV.

Our family? We were in **Dragonia** (□□). At least for now, we were still kind a “okay.”

Faucets still worked. The convenience store fridge still had lights on and snacks on the shelves. No one said it out loud, but we all kind of knew…

We were still floating in the “safe zone.” For now.

“Their banks and financial systems are totally crashed,” I muttered under my breath. “What’s the point of robbing a bank if the money’s useless?”

I thought back to one of my old games where the in-game currency suddenly lost all its value. “The news says even gas and bread are crazy expensive in Starland and Mizi Nation. Prices in the cities change every day. Regular folks can’t even afford basics.”

“Pfft, that’s how they’ve always been,” my dad said, voice laced with that usual hint of proud superiority. “Businesses only care about money. Governments let ’em get away with it. Not like back home in Dragonia. You try to hoard food or jack up prices when people need it most? Boom — government’s on your case in minutes.”

He went back to scrolling through his phone, like no matter how crazy the world got… as long as we had our “system,” we’d be fine.

And then—

The lights went out.

Just like that.

The living room plunged into darkness, lit only by the faint blue glow of my dad’s phone screen — like the last little spark of light left in a dark room.

My mom whispered, “I already ironed your uniform. It’s on your bed. Goodnight, Jupiter.”

Her voice was soft, just like always.

But for some reason… tonight, it carried this weird edge of… uncertainty.

I mumbled “Mm-hm,” rubbed the back of my neck, and stood up to head to my room.

The wooden stairs creaked under my feet like they were trying to remind me:

Hey, you’re still just a kid. A sixth grader who just finished elementary school.

On my desk, my brand-new *Middle School Student Handbook* sat neatly, its cover reflecting the moonlight, gleaming faintly.

But my brain? Still spinning.

All those words kept bouncing around inside my head:

> “Nuclear radiation.”
>
> “Internet blackout.”
>
> “Riots.”
>
> “Muscle-melting corpses.”
>
> “Bank failures.”
>
> “Out-of-control prices.”

It was like a pot of oatmeal that’d been left on the stove too long — sticky, messy, and all mashed together into one big, gross lump.

And at the center of it all?

Tomorrow.

I had to stand in front of my new class. Introduce myself. Maybe the teacher would call on me and ask what my hobbies were.

I walked into my room and flopped backward onto my bed like a sack of bricks.

Under my pillow… was my elementary school graduation photo.

Six rows of kids, all grinning, showing off their teeth.

I wondered… if that chubby kid who used to steal my erasers was still stuck in Hesperia.

If he was even still alive.

Outside, the wail of an ambulance siren cut through the night — loud, fast, then fading as it sped off toward the other side of the city.

I closed my eyes.

Tomorrow was the first day of middle school.

But deep down… I had this feeling.

I wasn’t just stepping into a new grade.

I was stepping into… a world that wasn’t anything like I thought it was.

Chapter Five – *The Four Horsemen*

It was September 7th, 2026.

Fourteen days had passed since the disaster in Hesperia Nation — the one that had thrown the whole world into chaos.

Fourteen days.

And it felt like a storm cloud, getting heavier and darker every single day, just sitting there on top of everyone’s heads, refusing to go away.

The international community hadn’t exactly sat around doing nothing.

Countries had organized relief teams — bringing supplies, medical crews, technical experts — all trying to get into Hesperia to help the survivors.

But the reality?

They couldn’t even get through the borders.

Every single aid effort had been stopped cold at the frontier. All they could do was set up makeshift relief centers in neighboring countries — tents, plastic tarps, moldy bread, limited water rations.

These places weren’t much more than thin band-aids… stretched over a wound so deep, it felt bottomless.

Every day, those centers could only offer the bare minimum to keep people alive:

A little clean water. A few hard crackers.

And even *that* tiny bit of help? It caused chaos.

The crowds showing up were scared. Desperate. Running on pure stress, hunger, and no sleep for days. Every time supplies were handed out, there were tense sighs, shoving, even small physical fights breaking out.

But human chaos wasn’t even the worst part.

The real nightmare?

A silent massacre no one could explain.

An outbreak.

A plague.

Whatever you wanted to call it.

The international expert teams had thrown everything they had at it — dissecting bodies, running tests, cultures, scans, analyses…

And what they found?

Was absolutely horrifying.

No virus. No bacteria. No fungus. Not even chemical toxins.

The victims would start with numbness in their limbs — total loss of control. Then their ability to swallow or even breathe would shut down fast.

Most were dead within 48 hours. No time to react. No time to save them.

But here's the really creepy part:

Twenty-four hours after death… their bodies changed.

Muscles. Organs. All of it — just… *gone*.

Cleaned out. Like someone — or something — had taken a rag and wiped them clean.

All that was left?

Skin. And bones. White. Bare. Exposed.

No rot. No leaking fluids. Just… **disappeared.**

"This doesn't make any sense!" a scientist shouted, slamming his fist on the table inside one of the makeshift labs. His name was Dr. Lewis. He was a virologist from Mapleleaf Nation (□□□), and he looked like he was about two seconds away from a meltdown.

"All our samples — negative!! Clean as if there was never anything there to begin with!! But people are dropping dead right in front of us!! One after another!! There's no explanation!!"

“Things get even weirder over in Olive Nation,” added another expert — Ivanov, an epidemiologist from Whitebear Nation (□□□). He had his brows knitted so tight it looked painful. “Their people reported that some Hesperia folks who crossed the border and looted supplies — yeah, they got sick too. Same symptoms. But the Olive locals who got robbed? Zero infections. Not a single one. The line between who gets it and who doesn’t? It’s terrifyingly clear.”

Over in a small border town in Olive Nation, a few locals huddled in the corner of a dingy tavern, talking in low voices.

“Did you hear? Yesterday at the market, a couple of northerners tried to rob a bakery. They ran off, didn’t even make it two blocks before they just… dropped. Like broken puppets. Collapsed right there on the street.” An old miner took a swig of his drink, voice thick with something between a sigh and a dark chuckle.

No one laughed. Just silence. Then someone raised their glass and clinked it against his.

That kind of “justice”? It didn’t feel satisfying. It just felt… colder.

Meanwhile, there was another disaster spreading — **nuclear contamination.**

Hesperia’s nuclear power plants had completely lost cooling capability. Radiation was leaking nonstop.

It had already seeped into nearby inland saltwater regions. The air carried a strange metallic-salty tang, like breathing itself might be dangerous now.

Shrimpmon Kingdom (□□□□) reacted fast — evacuating residents in nearby zones immediately and sealing off huge areas of land as restricted zones.

Soldiers stood guard behind barricades, guns loaded, blocking every possible entry route.

Unlike other nations, Shrimpmon made one thing crystal clear:

No relief centers for Hesperia refugees. None.

“We understand the disaster,” was their official statement — short, cold, and zero sympathy. “But that doesn’t mean we’re taking the risk.”

Global satellite feeds were sending back even more disturbing images.

Fires — wildfires — were spreading uncontrollably across multiple regions inside Hesperia. No one was fighting them. No one was counting the damage.

Buildings and forests were swallowed by flames. Smoke poured into the sky like massive scars carved into the earth.

“No one’s fighting the fires. No one’s tracking the losses…” a disaster assessment officer in the Unified Command Center muttered, staring at a flickering map of fire hotspots on his screen. “What’s actually left in there… it’s a number that’s… distant. Blurry. Hidden behind all that smoke and death.”

“And casualty figures?” he continued, voice dropping low, like it was being dragged up from deep in his chest. “That’s become… a number that doesn’t even feel real anymore.”

While experts around the world dug through data and samples, trying to find *any* possible lead…

…a tiny, incredibly strange detail began to emerge.

In every single autopsy sample?

There was a trace.

A trace of an isotope.

Extremely inert. Incredibly faint. Almost never recorded in nature.

So weak, most tests almost missed it.

But it was there.

Like…

…an invisible mark.

A code. Still unreadable.

Could it be the key?

The one thing that unlocks the door to this whole disaster?

Chapter Six – *Prologue*

It was September 14th, 2026.

Twenty-one days had passed since the crisis in Hesperia Nation began.

To the rest of the world, those twenty-one days felt like a long, painful nightmare — something you could only watch unfold on a screen, helpless, unable to do anything but wait and worry.

But for the people inside Hesperia itself?

It must've been something far darker — a modern nation that had once functioned normally, now frozen in place… then slowly rotting away, piece by piece… until even the *people* seemed to vanish.

The temporary relief centers near the border hadn't received a single request for help from anyone inside Hesperia in three full days.

No one was knocking on the door. No one was calling out. No one was coming out of that darkened country at all.

The blurry satellite images showed a few scattered "moving figures" still in the city streets — but way too few. Too quiet. And their movements were slow, aimless… like ghosts.

That eerie silence finally got to the international organizations.

They couldn't wait any longer.

A multinational **advance reconnaissance team** was approved and deployed — moving in carefully from both land and sea, approaching that shadowy, mystery-shrouded nation.

The **land team** was the first to arrive near a deserted town on the border.

When they stepped out of their vehicles, the scene could only be described as… desolate.

Collapsed shops. Empty houses. Shattered glass scattered across the ground. Dust and debris swirled weakly in the wind.

This place had once been a living, breathing city.

Now? It looked like a body drained of blood and flesh.

But soon… they met *people*.

Not the desperate survivors from Hesperia that they'd been expecting.

No.

They saw a few individuals — scavengers — digging through the ruins.

Olive Nation Civilians.

"Someone's here!" the team leader whispered sharply, signaling for everyone to get into a defensive stance.

The strangers noticed them too. Paused. Then slowly turned to look back — eyes cautious.

"We're international relief workers," the team leader said calmly, keeping his voice low. "What are you doing here? Have you seen anyone from Hesperia?"

One of the strangers — a middle-aged man who seemed to be the unofficial leader of the group — just shrugged, brushing dust off his hands like he was talking about the weather.

"Scavenging, obviously. The people? Gone. A few days ago, soldiers, civilians — they were still walking around the streets. Then, *poof*— just like sand getting blown away. Vanished."

He frowned, then added, "We figured, hey — if there's no one left around, might as well take our chances and see if we can find anything useful."

The team members exchanged uneasy glances.

"Gone"?

That was worse than anything they'd expected.

"What about… electronics?" the leader asked, recalling the one detail that had shown up in every single report — **any electronic device, the moment it was turned on, would either fry or shut down completely.**

"Oh, we know all about that!" a younger guy chimed in, sounding almost relieved, like he'd survived something crazy. "A few days ago? Total weirdness. My drone took off, just crossed the border line, and *bam*— smoke, crash. Heartbreaking, man. My phone wouldn't even turn on. Just a brick."

He pulled out his phone and waved it around. “But get this — in the last couple days? Suddenly it works again. Look, I’ve got it on right now. Still no signal, but hey — the thing turns on. We even tried going a little deeper in. Signal’s weak, but the devices? They actually work!”

That one sentence?

It hit the whole team like a lightning bolt.

The sudden return of functioning electronics… seemed to line up almost perfectly with the “mass disappearance” of Hesperia’s population.

That wasn’t a coincidence.

At least… they really, really didn’t want to believe it was.

The intel was encrypted and sent back to command centers around the world within minutes.

Back at headquarters, the atmosphere was so heavy, you could’ve sworn water was about to drip from the ceiling.

If devices were working again… that meant the technical barriers to entering Hesperia might be lowering.

But on the other hand?

The fact that the population had *vanished*… combined with that still-untouchable, unexplainable “mystery plague”…

Made the place even more dangerous. More unpredictable. More… untouchable than ever.

There was no more time to waste.

Orders were issued. Fast.

A **joint investigation team** was formed — tasked with going deep into the heart of Hesperia, searching for any signs of survivors… and, if possible, uncovering the truth behind the plague.

A **firefighting unit** was assigned to target the wildfires still raging on the satellite maps — fires that no one had tried to put out.

A **nuclear emergency response team**, fully geared up, was preparing to handle the deadly radiation that had already spread into the inland salt-sea regions.

For twenty-one long days… the border of Hesperia had been silent.

Now?

That silence was about to break.

Teams from multiple nations — equipped, prepared, and carrying the weight of a world watching — were gearing up for deployment.

And every single one of them had only one goal in mind:

To step into that unknown land that had swallowed countless lives… and find the answers.

Chapter Seven – *Fulfillment*

It was September 17th, 2026.

One by one, sheets of cold, freshly printed reports — still carrying the faint smell of ink — were placed on the long table in front of the gathered representatives.

The paper gave off a faint chemical scent. Much like the meeting itself: logical. Clinical. Oppressively silent.

The **Joint Investigation Team** had finally returned with their **first official findings** from Hesperia Nation.

And what they delivered?

Was a boulder. A massive, unstoppable stone dropped without mercy onto the table — and everyone in the room.

There were no survivors. None.

Not a single living soul remained in Hesperia Nation — not even in its most secretive underground facilities.

Complete silence. Total absence.

Not a temporary communication blackout. Not missing persons.

No one was alive.

Satellite and aerial reconnaissance data, provided primarily by Starland (□□□), had been rapidly compiled into a single, horrifyingly clear picture:

The source of the nuclear leak was exactly what they had feared most.

The cooling systems had completely failed.

Reactor cores had overheated for extended periods.

Thankfully… there had been no explosion.

The highly radioactive fuel rods were still sitting inside their damaged reactor vessels — like venomous snakes, curled up and sleeping… for now.

Their deadly radiation was being contained. Barely.

But that “temporary safety”?

It was just that — a brief pause. A breath before the storm.

The head of the working group, a graying nuclear physicist with a deep, heavy voice, stood in front of a holographic map, his finger pointing at a blazing red zone.

He spoke with grim weight:

“The good news? No large-scale radiation dispersal — yet.”

He paused.

“The bad news? We’re in a race against time.”

He looked slowly around the room.

“Introducing seawater for cooling. Sealing the melted nuclear fuel. Building permanent radiation barriers…”

“Each one of these is an immensely complex, resource-heavy operation…”

“And they all need to start — immediately.”

He locked eyes with every representative in the room.

“We need global support. Now.”

A low, collective inhale filled the chamber.

Representatives exchanged quick, tense glances. Fingers flew across tablet screens as urgent support request lists — for tech,

equipment, manpower, funding — were sent back to their respective governments.

But even more chilling than the nuclear threat…

Was the mystery that still remained unsolved.

The **unknown pathogen.**

The leader of the medical team — a virologist known for her icy professionalism — stood now, looking more shaken than anyone had ever seen her.

Her voice was calm. But it trembled just enough to be noticeable.

“We tested everything. Every kind of sample imaginable.”

“Blood. Tissue. Environmental dust. Water sources. Air filters.”

“All of it…”

“Negative.”

She scanned the room, meeting the eyes of every pale, tense face.

“We found zero trace of any known pathogen.”

“No virus. No bacteria. No toxins.”

She hesitated, choosing her words carefully — or maybe holding back fear.

“It’s like… a ghost.”

Another pause.

“We can’t even confirm if it’s… still *there*. Or what form it might even take.”

Silence fell again. Heavy. Absolute.

And then — a voice cut through it.

Gruff. But clear.

From the Environmental Security Advisor’s seat.

“Conventional methods have failed,” he said, adjusting his glasses. His gaze was calm. Direct. Scanning every person in the room.

“I recommend that after completing emergency sampling and containment of all biological and environmental materials…”

“We move forward with…”

He let the words hang for just a beat.

“…a full-scale, ultra-high-level purification and sterilization of Hesperia Nation.”

“Say that again, Doctor?” a general cut in, voice low and tense.

The advisor didn’t flinch.

“Physical eradication,” he said simply. Four words. Each one sharp as glass.

He adjusted his glasses again, then continued.

“We have two potential technical options.”

“Option one: saturation bombing with **thermobaric weapons** — airburst and ground-launched high-yield incendiary payloads. Designed to destroy all organic material and potential pathogen hosts.”

He paused. Let his gaze drift across the room… lingering just a little too long near the representative from Dragonia (□□).

“Option two,” he said, “would be the use of Dragonia’s proprietary **non-nuclear thermobaric hydrogen device** — what you’ve called a ‘fuel-air explosive’ or ‘cloud burst bomb’ — for large-scale thermal incineration.”

“If the heat is high enough… and the burn time long enough…”

“It could completely erase all organic traces on the surface.”

“Every potential pathogenic structure. Gone.”

Behind him, a screen lit up.

A simulation played out — flames raining from the sky, consuming the entire outline of Hesperia Nation.

In seconds, the land became… nothing. Blank. Erased.

Boom.

A water glass tipped over — someone’s hand had shaken.

The liquid spread slowly across the wooden table, a tiny echo of disaster.

“Are you seriously suggesting we just… **burn the entire country off the map?**” a diplomat from a small nation murmured. Quiet. But clear enough for everyone to hear.

“It’s the most efficient option,” the advisor replied, tone disturbingly calm — like he was talking about tomorrow’s weather.

“The risks are relatively manageable… especially against an unknown biological threat.”

He looked up, meeting every set of eyes in the room.

“And we’ll need full global coordination. Especially for calculating and containing residual radiation fallout.”

Then he delivered the line that dropped the temperature in the room by ten degrees.

“But we’re running out of time.”

“The nuclear waste stabilization effort is already at maximum capacity…”

“And that… invisible ‘something.’”

“We don’t even know if it’s dormant…”

“…or waiting for its next host.”

The room went dead silent.

Then — argument exploded.

Orders for resource allocation flew through encrypted channels.

Debates over the “purification” plan grew heated. Fierce. Stalled.

Every representative was weighing options.

Every decision… carried the weight of history.

And time?

Time just kept ticking.

Cold. Unforgiving.

In that silent, lifeless land across the border…

Something unseen continued its countdown.

And that ticking sound?

It no longer belonged to Hesperia alone.

It belonged to all of humanity.

Chapter Eight – *The Arrival of the Fifth Horseman*

It was September 30th, 2026.

The air inside the United Nations General Assembly hall felt heavy. So heavy, it almost felt like you could wring it out like a wet rag.

Massive chandeliers cast cold white light from the dome above, making the wooden floor gleam with a dull, lifeless sheen.

Delegates from every nation sat in their assigned seats.

Some frowned. Some had their arms crossed tightly. Some scribbled notes furiously in their notebooks.

But most of them… just sat in silence.

The emergency session had been going on for hours.

And the only topic on the table?

What to do with the ruins — and the power vacuum — left behind after the total disappearance of Hesperia Nation.

On the screens behind the podium, images played on loop:

The land that had once been a nation.

Now? Just scorched earth. Crumbled buildings. Absolute stillness.

No smoke from chimneys. No cars on roads. Not even a single bird in the sky.

It was a place that had been swallowed whole — by nuclear disaster, by plague, and by something else… something no one could yet name.

And now?

It had become the most bizarre “blank zone” in modern history.

“The situation,” came a voice, “can’t be dragged out any longer.”

It was the delegate from Olive Nation (□□□). He stood slowly. His voice wasn’t loud. But it cut through the low hum of the chamber — clear and sharp.

“The crimes against humanity committed by the government of Hesperia have long been internationally recognized,” he said, eyes scanning the room. “Now, the land that was emptied by their extinction…”

“It should — rightfully — go back to its original owners.”

He paused.

Let the weight of that sentence settle.

“I, on behalf of the people of Olive Nation, formally propose: the **revocation of the 1947 U.N. Resolution 181**.”

A low ripple of movement passed through the room.

“The territories once occupied by Hesperia — including its core lands and surrounding regions — must be returned in full to the people of Olive Nation,” he continued. “The international assembly will assist us in rebuilding our nation and government.”

His gaze swept over the delegates of other nations — those whose lands had also been taken by force.

“And the territories stolen from your countries… must be returned as well.”

The moment those words left his mouth?

It was like dropping a spark into a powder keg.

The delegate from Starland (□□□) shot to his feet.

The representative from Mizi Nation (□□□) stiffened instantly, face tightening like he’d been expecting this.

“Ridiculous,” Starland’s delegate said — voice low, measured, every word clearly calculated.

“We oppose this kind of… emotional reckoning.”

He slowly adjusted the mic in front of him — buying time. Putting pressure.

“The disappearance of a sovereign nation is a tragedy.”

“But maintaining international order requires… reason. Not emotion.”

His gaze swept the room, tone softening — but the weight behind it growing heavier.

“The overseas population of Hesperia remains massive. Their financial networks, their economic ties… they are still critical to the stability of global finance and trade.”

“To abruptly revoke historical resolutions… to violently carve up inherited assets…”

“It will only create more chaos.”

“And unnecessary backlash.”

He paused — just for a beat.

And that pause?

It landed like a warning shot.

Because, in truth?

Over the past few weeks?

That so-called “unnecessary backlash” had already begun.

A subway explosion here. A mysterious fire at a far-eastern port. Unusual market fluctuations near Starland and Mizi financial hubs. Scandals erupting among royalty and business elites. Private bank accounts mysteriously hacked or drained.

And behind it all?

A name lingered in the shadows.

The remnants of Hesperia.

Their main base was gone.

But their teeth?

Still sharp.

“Stability?” came a voice from the back.

It belonged to a delegate from a small African nation. His tone dripped with sarcasm.

“You mean the kind of stability built on invasion and oppression?” he asked. “Or the kind propped up by ‘special treatment’ in global financial markets?”

He looked around the room, voice rising steadily.

“We’re sick of that so-called ‘stability.’”

“Their people are still shooting at us out there. Their money is still wrecking our countries.”

“What we want today… isn’t revenge for the past.”

“It’s stopping what’s happening *right now.*”

“And taking back what was stolen!”

His words lit a fire in the room.

One by one, more voices rose in support of Olive Nation’s proposal.

Delegates from nations long suppressed by Hesperia’s political and economic influence stood to speak — listing decades of bullying, exploitation, and unfair trade practices.

The opposition, clustered around Starland and Mizi, tried to fight back.

But their voices sounded smaller now. More isolated. Weaker.

Then came the vote.

The massive electronic tally board lit up.

Green lights. Red lights. Flashing back and forth.

Like some silent battle being fought in real time.

The delegates from Starland and Mizi stared at the screen. Their faces growing darker by the second.

When the final count appeared…

The motion had passed — overwhelmingly.

For a few seconds… there was nothing but silence.

Then — from the Olive Nation delegation — a low cheer broke out. Someone even wiped at their eyes, quietly.

“Very well,” said the Assembly President, bringing the gavel down hard.

Clang.

“Resolution 181 is hereby revoked.”

“The United Nations will immediately establish a Joint Coordination Task Force — to assist the people of Olive Nation in establishing their new government… rebuilding their nation… and overseeing the return of all occupied territories.”

He looked around the room.

Then his tone shifted — cold. Sharp. Like the calm before a storm.

“At the same time…”

The room held its breath.

“This assembly has also passed a second resolution.”

“Establishing a… **Special International Military Tribunal.**”

“Its mission: to investigate, prosecute, and try — every single war crime, crime against humanity, act of genocide, and act of aggression… committed by Hesperia Nation and its global affiliates…”

“From the World Wars to the present day.”

“No exceptions.”

The room went completely still.

Even those delegates who had been shouting just moments ago…

Their faces twisted — just for a moment — into something unreadable.

A stiffness. A chill.

They all knew.

The net was closing.

Everywhere.

And maybe — just maybe…

That wasn’t the fourth horseman.

Maybe that was something else entirely.

Maybe… this was the true arrival of the Fifth Horseman.

Not plague.

Not war.

Not famine.

Not death.

But…

Justice.

And the end of an old world.

Chapter Nine – *The Great Hunt*

October, 2026.

The International Military Tribunal — that massive, slow-moving machine — had finally roared to life.

And no, that wasn’t just a figure of speech.

It started moving.

For real.

In a way the whole world could feel.

Global arrest warrants — precision-engineered and deadly efficient — were flying out from agencies across nations, like a blizzard of paper and law.

The names. The faces.

No longer hidden behind power, behind corporate boards or diplomatic immunity.

They were:

The fleeing officials of Hesperia Nation.

Its undercover agents.

Its corporate executives.

And behind them all —

The sprawling, tangled, omnipresent web they'd built.

A web known only in whispers as…

"The Squid Network."

Not because they looked like squid.

(Though some might've argued they acted like slimy bottom-feeders.)

No — "The Squid" was the name for those shadowy giants who controlled the levers of global finance, pharmaceuticals, technology, arms dealing… even international media.

Their names never made the front pages.

But their money?

It could shift a nation's policy with a single wire transfer.

Tip the outcome of a war.

Set the price of a life-saving drug.

Even swing an election.

And then there were the so-called "pillars of society" —

The politicians. The royalty. The corporate dynasties —

All of them, showered with “generous contributions” from the Squid.

This time?

None of them were getting away.

The moment the news broke?

The fastest reactions came — as expected — from Starland (□□□), Mizi Nation (□□□), and their usual entourage of loyal allies.

But their responses?

Were almost… scripted.

Vague. Evasive. Passive.

Politicians blinked behind podiums, murmuring the same tired lines:

“Due process.”

“National sovereignty.”

“Need for further evidence.”

“Respect for judicial fairness.”

Everyone knew the truth.

Their bank accounts. Their votes. Even some of their luxury villas…

Were all tangled up, deep in the Squid’s money web.

Too deep to cut loose.

One Mizi lawmaker was even caught — drunk, at a high-end private club — muttering:

“This is nothing but a hunt against decent people!”

Bad move.

Because that line didn’t stay private.

And worse?

Their own people? They weren’t buying it anymore.

Years of bottled-up anger — finally ignited by that single arrest warrant.

Protests exploded overnight.

Like wildfire.

Sweeping through the heart of their major cities.

At first?

People just gathered in public squares. Outside government buildings.

Holding signs. Shouting slogans.

“Hand them over!”

“It’s time for justice!”

“We’ve had enough!”

They demanded their governments cooperate with the Tribunal.

To arrest those names on the list — the ones who felt so far away… and yet, so close.

They wanted truth. Justice. Accountability.

But things… didn’t stay peaceful for long.

Because the Squid — and their protectors — didn’t sit still.

They fought back.

Not with water cannons or tear gas.

But with real explosives. With real bullets.

A peaceful rally in Mizi’s financial district?

Blew up when a bomb-laden car rammed straight into the crowd.

A candlelight vigil in Starland’s banking sector?

Shot at by snipers from the rooftops nearby.

Blood spilled in the streets.

And instead of scaring people off…

It was like pouring gasoline on a fire.

“You see?! They’re scared!” a young protester shouted, face still smudged with soot, live on camera. “The rats in the shadows are finally biting back!”

His voice echoed across the globe.

And the crowds?

They stopped asking nicely.

They started organizing.

“Neighborhood Watch Squads.”

“Citizen Hunt Units.”

They popped up like mushrooms after rain.

And their targets?

Weren’t limited to the names on some international arrest list.

No — they turned their attention inward.

To the people *they already suspected all along.*

Corrupt officials. Complicit lawmakers. Royal family members. Corporate tycoons — the ones who’d been rubbing shoulders with the Squid’s empire for years.

The internet became the new battlefield.

And the new courtroom.

“Senator so-and-so was playing golf with a Squid banker last week!”

“Did you see that duchess’s new necklace? Looks an awful lot like one of their ‘donated’ stolen gems…”

Doxxing. Leaks. Screenshots. Audio clips. Anonymous tips.

It all poured in — nonstop.

And in real life?

Some of those named?

Got recognized fast.

They were confronted — in malls, on the street, in restaurants.

Shouted at. Yelled at. Pushed around.

Some were even “invited” down to makeshift “citizen inquiry centers” for some… let’s call it *informal questioning.*

(Not exactly by the book.)

Like the case of one obese corporate heir — who got stuffed into a tiny foldable chair, couldn’t move, and became the laughingstock of the crowd.

But behind the chaos?

There was something much more powerful.

An overwhelming force of public will.

The system? It was shaking.

In government buildings, officials who used to walk around with their noses in the air?

Now looked pale. Hollow. Like someone had sucked the soul right out of them.

Resignation letters started piling up.

Excuses ranged from the ridiculous:

“Health reasons.”

“Family time.”

“Looking for new challenges.”

To the disturbing:

“Disappeared.”

Private jets took off in rapid succession from wealthy districts.

Most headed for tax havens. Or tiny nations with no extradition treaties. Or places so remote, they didn't even show up clearly on most maps.

One Starland senator's luxury yacht?

Went on a "vacation" near the Gulf of Amer-Mex…

And was never seen again.

Members of minor royal families?

One by one, they vanished from public view — leaving behind empty mansions. Dusty garages. Servants who just shrugged and looked away.

Headlines? Started using one word more and more.

Revolution.

No one said it out loud.

But on the streets. In forums. In encrypted chats.

A feeling was in the air.

Something like…

The calm before a storm.

The tension before a revolution.

The kind of energy you feel right before the world decides enough is enough.

And according to the latest whispers on certain encrypted channels?

That "on vacation" senator?

His yacht?

It was reportedly spotted — and intercepted —

By local armed militants…

In a tiny, unremarkable port…

Somewhere in Africa.

Chapter Ten – *The Great Judgment*

The Tribunal's arrest warrants ignited the world like a flare slicing through the night sky.

Those names — once hidden deep in the shadows of power and money — the ones you thought only existed in conspiracy theories, buried in financial reports, or flashing briefly in international news tickers…

They were now nailed, bare and exposed, to the pillar of shame for all of human civilization.

This wasn't a victor's trial over the vanquished.

Not the justice of the powerful.

Not revenge by the strong.

This was…

Humanity's reckoning with the cancers of the old world.

The "Squid Group" — those who manipulated financial markets, rigged political elections, monopolized military-tech industries, twisted public opinion, and even meddled in medical supplies and food distribution…

Along with the politicians, royals, tycoons, and protectors who had sheltered them for decades…

Their end had finally come.

And it wasn't just Starland (□□□) and Mizi Nation (□□□).

The wave of protest had spread like wildfire — racing across the so-called "Group of Seven," and far beyond, into nations long infiltrated by the Squid's web.

The once-glossy politicians — and the royals, tycoons, and power brokers who had hidden behind them — instinctively reached for their usual defenses:

Silence. Delays. Bureaucratic red tape. Legal loopholes.

But they had miscalculated.

The crowds in the streets — massive, furious, and impossible to ignore — swept over those defenses like a flood breaking through a dam.

The protest signs grew sharper. Clearer. More direct:

“Fully cooperate with the arrest warrants!”

“Purge the officials blocking justice!”

“We’ve had enough of these rats!”

And then —

When bombs went off in city centers, targeting protesters…

When so-called “law enforcement officers” finally dropped the act and showed their real faces…

The anger boiled over.

People stopped waiting for governments to act.

They took to the internet — connecting. Organizing. Uniting across borders and social classes.

What followed?

A **global, cross-class, citizen-led manhunt.**

The targets?

No longer limited to the official arrest list.

Now, they included *any* official, politician, royal, or corporate executive who looked even slightly suspicious.

Citizen-led “arrest squads.”

Pop-up “public tribunals.”

They became the most common — and most shocking — sights on streets around the world that autumn.

Live-streamed trials. Instantly uploaded videos.

Billions of views. Viral moments. Global attention.

“Look — isn’t that Henderson from City Hall? He vetoed the global extradition bill just last month!”

On a street corner, a young man held up his phone. The screen showed a chubby figure trying to duck into a luxury sedan. The crowd closed in fast — like wolves surrounding their marked prey.

“Scan the ID!” someone shouted, fingers flying over their device. “Yeah — that’s him. Warrant #137!”

Within seconds, a few men in plain jackets stepped forward — calm, practiced, and utterly unhesitant — and yanked the pale, trembling Henderson straight out of the car.

The pressure was crushing.

Like an avalanche. Like a tsunami.

Officials began resigning en masse — some overnight.

Others fled under cover of darkness, disappearing onto private jets bound for islands with no extradition treaties… or countries so remote, they barely showed up on maps.

The media called it:

“A modern echo of the Lily Revolution.”

But this time?

It was bigger.

More transparent.

And far more… **participatory.**

This unprecedented “Great Judgment” wasn’t just a trial.

It was a complete upending of the old order.

Judges from multiple nations formed a joint tribunal — but their role was simple:

To deliver verdicts based on ironclad evidence.

The real “grave-diggers”?

Were the anonymous data teams, hacker collectives, and citizen journalists — operating in the shadows and in broad daylight.

Digital vigilantes.

Ghost hackers.

Modern-day Robin Hoods armed with code and courage.

They silently cracked open classified databases that had been sealed for decades — dumping out mountains of criminal records, secret transactions, encrypted orders, and internal memos.

All of it fed into a **global AI-powered justice hub** — a networked system that analyzed, cross-referenced, and organized the data into crystal-clear chains of guilt.

The algorithms were cold. Merciless. Precise.

And what they uncovered?

Was horrifying.

And undeniable.

Financial plunder. Human trafficking. Organ harvesting. War plotting. Food poisoning. Sponsored terrorism. Massacres.

The evidence was rock solid.

There was no defense.

The trials were held… in the cloud.

Every session, **live-streamed to all of humanity.**

You didn’t need to be a lawyer.

Didn’t need a robe or a gavel.

All you needed?

A device with internet access.

And then?

You became part of the jury.

“The evidence chain is complete. The trail is clear,” said a judge from a small southern nation, voice calm, steady.

On-screen, a simple voting prompt appeared:

Guilty?

Not Guilty?

“I vote guilty!” a woman in her living room declared — apron still tied, tablet in hand. She didn’t hesitate. Her husband nodded beside her, and clicked the same button.

Millions of voices.

Converging in a single, unstoppable verdict.

The executions were swift.

No appeals. No delays. No pardons.

Once the judgment was passed?

It was carried out — immediately — where the arrest happened.

In public squares. In open fields. Even in front of the luxury villas once considered untouchable.

The stolen wealth?

The criminal empires they’d built?

Torn down. Seized. Returned to the shared resources of humankind.

Every day, new scandals emerged — dug up from the digital “graves” of corruption.

More horrifying. More brutal. More shameless.

Each new piece of evidence proved, beyond doubt, why this judgment was necessary:

The cancer had to be cut out completely.

Before anything new could grow.

No mercy.

Only cleansing.

And then —

As yet another arrestee — clad only in pajamas and slippers — was dragged, humiliated and red-faced, off a luxury yacht…

The crowd erupted in a mix of anger and dark, satisfied laughter.

Meanwhile, deep in the global servers…

The systems handling real-time voting, evidence processing, and live-streamed trials…

Began flashing softly with warning messages.

Overload alerts.

Chapter Eleven – *The Mysterious Message*

It was December 31st, 2026.

The morning light hadn’t quite chased away the cold yet.

I rubbed my eyes, fumbled around on the bedside table, and grabbed my phone.

The moment the screen unlocked —

BOOM.

It was like someone had set off a string of firecrackers right in front of my face.

Every single one of my usual messaging apps — all of them — had a bright red notification badge glowing on their icons.

Numbers flashing.

Some in the teens. Some in the twenties or thirties.

Like they were practically begging me to open them.

“What the hell?” I muttered, still half-asleep.

I tapped the top one without thinking.

And a message popped up.

The content?

Well… it was *weird.*

> “Humanity, you have, through your own strength, eliminated the major obstacles of the old world…”

I frowned.

My first thought?

“Is this some kind of spam ad?”

I exited out, tapped another app.

Same message.

Tried a third.

Same words. Almost word for word.

Who sends something like that?

A mass broadcast? A system-wide hack? A virus going off everywhere at once?

But… it didn’t feel like any of those.

I kept reading.

And the more I read…

The more confused I got.

The message talked about things like:

- The “Fourth Generation Civilization” of Earth.
- How the “first three were all destroyed by human greed and mutual slaughter.”
- How the human body was actually capable of living up to 500 years.

- How advanced technologies were being hidden by a few “criminal elements.”
- How Earth’s resources were more than enough to support everyone.
- And even stuff like…

> “There are different levels of ‘higher consciousness’ among humans — some high, some low… and some who aren’t really human at all.”

There were also takes on the nature of money. Redefinitions of resource ownership. Hints about “civilizational ascension.”

I blinked.

“Man…” I said under my breath. “This is crazy.”

Just then, my phone vibrated.

It was my buddy A-Qiang calling. Sounded like he’d just mainlined five espressos.

“Yo!! Did you see it?! You got it too, right?!”

“You mean… that alien text message?” I joked, though I had no idea what the hell I was talking about.

“Yeah!!! It’s EVERYWHERE!!! The whole world got it!!! The internet’s going nuts!!” A-Qiang blurted out, talking a mile a minute. “Did you see the news? Governments are talking about it. They said they can’t trace the source!! It just… appeared!! Out of nowhere!!! At midnight!!! What the actual f—”

I scrambled to open my news app.

Sure enough.

Breaking headlines were rolling across every feed:

□□Global Mysterious Message Stuns the World – Source Unknown□

□□Governments Confirm: Not Sent by Any Human□

□□Experts Analyze “Fourth Generation Civilization” & Five Key Alerts□

I froze.

From downstairs, I could hear noise. People talking. Shouting. The usual morning chaos.

I walked over to the window, pushed it open.

A blast of cold air hit me — but I didn't care.

Down below, by the breakfast stall, a few early-rising neighbors had gathered, phone screens glowing in their faces.

"Old Wang, did you see this thing? What's it saying? My grandson read it to me — something about people living to 500 years old?" a chubby old lady in a thick down jacket said, voice rising with skepticism.

"Pfft, nonsense!" Old Wang, who sold fried dough sticks, scoffed as he flipped patties in his sizzling oil. "Immortality pills, huh? If they really existed, those criminals they just locked up would've been hoarding them!"

"But hey…" he added, "I heard Old Zhang's kid works at the science institute. Got called in last night. Still hasn't come home. Phone's off."

The vegetable lady chimed in, "Who cares about that?! I'm more interested in what they said about number four — you know, food, housing, healthcare… stuff everyone should have a right to. Nobody should be allowed to hoard it all!"

She nodded firmly. "That part? That makes sense. Those rich bastards jacking up housing prices and drug costs — it's about time someone fixed that. Whoever sent this message? I think they're good people."

"Good people?" Old Wang snorted. "Good people don't just sneak messages into your phone without you knowing. Not even the Five Eyes alliance can find the source. Sounds creepy to me."

"Creepy, sure…" the old lady said, leaning in closer, voice dropping to a whisper. "But you know my neighbor's kid? The one who's always gaming? He said at midnight, all his screens flashed blue for a second… and then this message just popped up. Like… haunted or something. Scared him so bad he didn't even dare turn off the lights!"

Back on the phone, A-Qiang was still going: "Yo, you still there? The internet's losing its mind. Some people say it's God showing up. Others say it's aliens. Some conspiracy nuts are saying it's a

super-AI from some secret group, trying to wake up all of humanity. What do you think?”

I stared down at the phone.

At those few lines of text.

Calm. Simple. Direct.

And yet…

Utterly mind-blowing.

Then I looked out the window.

Down below — the noise, the sizzling oil, the smell of fried dough, the cold morning air, and the sun.

Just barely poking its way out from behind the clouds.

Casting a thin, stubborn beam of gold across the icy edges of the buildings.

The criminals of the old world had been judged. Executed. Their remains still fresh.

And already…

A new shock had arrived.

No one had sent it.

No one had controlled it.

It had appeared, globally, simultaneously, in every language, on every device.

The kind of tech — or power — that did *that*?

It was **far beyond anything humanity had ever known.**

The fifth point said:

> “Money is just a tool — like a weapon. It shouldn’t be used to create conflict.”

So then…

What about *this message*?

Was it a weapon?

A tool?

Or… a test?

“I don’t know,” I said quietly into the phone, voice a little dry. My eyes, though… they couldn’t look away from that light.

“All I know is…”

“The judgment… it’s over.”

“But it feels like…”

“…this? This is only just beginning.”

Out on the horizon, the sun climbed higher.

Pushing upward with quiet, stubborn force.

Painting the world — this world that had just been through so much — with a single, fragile beam of hope.

And somewhere…

Out there, or maybe right above us…

The answer — the next clue — the real beginning…

Was hanging in the air.

Like a star that hadn’t yet ignited…

But was about to light up the sky.

Chapter Twelve – *An Unprecedented Global Summit*

It was January 23rd, 2027.

More than forty days had passed since the world-shaking events of the **Great Judgment**.

The tangled, once-all-powerful networks of the anti-human criminal syndicates of the old world — the elites, the politicians, the tycoons, and the infamous organizations like the “Dark Council”

and the “Crux Star - International War Criminals” — had been **completely dismantled**.

Their influence had been torn apart. Their pawns scattered. Their ability to create chaos… gone.

Sure, a few “fish that got away” were still hiding in the shadows, trembling. But the world?

It had already changed.

What truly kept the entire human race on edge, though?

Was that mysterious message.

The one that had appeared, out of nowhere, on **every single phone** on **New Year’s Eve**.

It was like dropping a boulder into the center of a still lake.

The ripples? They were still spreading.

All around the globe, people couldn’t stop talking about those mind-bending prompts.

Ideas that turned common sense upside down.

Ideas about:

- Human potential.
- Earth’s resources.
- The nature of individuals.
- The foundations of society.
- And even… the true meaning of money.

That storm of thought had swept from street corners to university lecture halls… from social media feeds to the highest levels of government.

And now?

It had brought everyone to the same table:

World leaders. Think tanks. Tech experts. And ordinary citizens.

Finally, it all led to this:

A global summit unlike any other in human history.

It was called…

The 123 Global Summit.

Running from January 23rd to February 5th — right up to Lunar New Year's Eve.

This wasn't just "a meeting."

It was the first-ever, truly **global civilizational dialogue**.

Its biggest breakthrough?

Unprecedented openness.

Not only were heads of state, ministers, and official delegates present…

But **every citizen of the world** could join in — through a specially designed "Virtual Participation Platform," where anyone could speak up, propose ideas, and take part in the discussions.

Even more groundbreaking?

For the first time ever…

Artificial intelligences were given equal decision-making status alongside humans.

The world's leading AI systems — backed by the massive computing power of national supercenters — weren't just there to analyze data or organize info.

No.

They were officially granted:

- The right to propose policies.
- The right to join debates.
- And the right to offer logical reasoning and predictive models.

Humans and algorithms would now co-author the blueprint for humanity’s future.

The summit kicked off with fireworks — figuratively, and almost literally.

Virtual meeting rooms filled up instantly. The chat scroll on the main screen moved so fast you could barely read it.

In the physical venue, just as the polite small talk wrapped up, the very first official topic hit the table:

“How to implement global resource sharing for all humanity.”

And boom — tensions shot through the roof.

“Sharing doesn’t mean lazy egalitarianism!” barked the Energy Minister from a major resource-rich nation, slamming his fist on the table. “What about efficiency? What about incentives?! You’re telling me the guy who sits on his couch all day deserves the same as the one who works himself to death?!”

“Incentives shouldn’t override the right to survive!” shot back a delegate from a small island nation, his virtual avatar flickering with emotion. “Prompt Four made it crystal clear — basic living security is a bottom line that no one can take away. What you call ‘efficiency’ has always been the perfect cover for monopoly and exploitation!”

Several delegates from historically exploited nations nodded in agreement.

“Exactly…” someone muttered.

Then — a new voice cut in.

Calm. Logical. And completely devoid of human emotion.

A synthetic voice.

Athena, an AI housed in a European supercomputing facility, had just joined the session.

“Minister,” she said clearly, “based on a thirty-year analysis of your nation’s energy consumption and national health data… the years

when your ‘efficiency’ was highest were also the years with the lowest wealth gap and the widest social welfare coverage.”

“There is no zero-sum trade-off between efficiency and fairness. My models show that when the Gini coefficient falls below 0.3, the social return per unit of energy consumption reaches its peak.”

The Energy Minister’s face twisted. He opened his mouth… but no words came out right away.

Meanwhile, the debate over “defining human qualification” exploded even faster.

A sociologist, citing ideas from Prompt Three about “individual cognitive variance and innate talent orientation,” proposed creating a system to assess “mental maturity and potential.”

The moment he finished?

Chaos.

“This is dangerous!” a human rights activist cut in. “Who gets to decide the standards? Isn’t this just discrimination in disguise? Thought control?!”

“Are we seriously ranking people? What do you mean ‘lower-tier thinkers’? That’s insulting!”

“We’re not creating ranks,” said **Fuxi**, an Asian AI participating in the discussion, its voice calm but resonant, almost poetic in its algorithmically refined tone. “Prompt Three is about recognizing the fundamental differences in how individual minds work — and the potential risks they carry. Our goal is to build universal education and support systems that help everyone develop toward higher levels of ‘human’ potential… not to create new divisions.”

“The data models show,” it added, “that ignoring these internal differences has repeatedly led to collective disasters in history.”

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Many lowered their heads, thinking. Some frowned. Others nodded. A few quickly took screenshots and posted them to the online discussion boards.

Then came healthcare — and that’s when things really ignited.

The online chat exploded instantly:

“Where are those life-extension technologies?! Hand them over!”

“Yeah — the life-saving tech those criminals hid — release it NOW!”

“Who’s hiding it?! Give us names!! Let’s put them on trial!”

A senior medical expert was sweating onstage, trying to explain the complexities of tech transfer and application…

Then —

The head of the newly established **UN Technology Recovery Division** stood up.

And held up a small data crystal.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “we’ve made a breakthrough.”

“Following new leads, we’ve successfully located and partially recovered the core database of the **‘Cellular Telomere Regeneration Hub’ project** — a program that had been encrypted and destroyed by the Dark Council.”

Silence.

Even the chat stopped scrolling.

“The first verified, reproducible key technical solutions,” he continued, “will be open-sourced and released globally through academic networks… within 48 hours.”

The silence broke.

Into cheers.

Emojis flooded the chat. Applause erupted. People were standing up, clapping, even laughing with relief.

It was a genuine victory for the idea of **“technology as a public good.”**

And then there was the debate on the **“nature of money.”**

It started with an economist giving a fiery speech about the sins of the old monetary system — inflation, exploitation, inequality, bubbles.

Then…

Deep Blue, one of the participating AIs, listened quietly.

And then — deadpan — asked:

“Professor… according to your model… if we abolish the current currency system… how would you quantify the relative value contribution of… the 100 megawatts of electricity I use to cool my supercomputing center… versus the labor of a farmer growing one ton of wheat… in terms of meeting basic human survival needs?”

“I need that parameter,” it added, “to optimize future resource allocation algorithms.”

The economist froze.

And the room erupted in laughter — good-natured, stunned, and a little awed.

“Look, the AI wants a paycheck!”

“Damn, it’s more logical than half the economists here!”

Day after day, the summit continued.

Arguments. Compromises. Moments of inspiration. AI throwing cold data to cool down overheated debates… and to spark new hope.

Humans. Politicians. Citizens. Machines.

Clashing. Learning. Searching — together — for a path forward…

…a path that wouldn’t repeat the mistakes of the past.

As the summit moved into its second half, a draft framework began to take shape.

Titled:

“Earth Resource Allocation and Basic Human Guarantee Framework”

Compiled from the analysis of multiple AIs… and incorporating **millions of proposals submitted by people all over the world.**

It quickly became the focal point of the summit.

But with it came an even heavier question — one that loomed larger with each passing day, and with every tick closer to Lunar New Year's Eve:

"What do we do with individuals who are deemed to severely violate the 'human' baseline of thought… who demonstrate high potential for destructive behavior?"

"Isolate them? Rehabilitate them? Or take even harsher measures?"

That question hung over the summit like a storm cloud.

And over every mind in the room.

Including yours.

Chapter Thirteen – *The Supreme Council of Human Civilization*

It was January 26th, 2027.

The Global Summit had been running for three full days straight.

All around the world, countless people were watching live — tuning in through streaming platforms, witnessing the buzz and energy both inside and outside the conference hall.

On-screen, data streams and real-time voting metrics flashed nonstop. AI systems like **"NovaMind" (□□)** and **"Apocalypse" (□□)** were continuously analyzing proposals, organizing information, and providing live support to the delegates.

The atmosphere?

A powerful mix of cutting-edge technology… and the raw, collective will of humanity.

Then, a representative from Africa raised his hand — voice trembling with years of suppressed frustration.

“The old United Nations?” he said. “It was nothing but a club for the rich nations. We smaller countries couldn’t even get a seat at the table!”

As soon as he finished, the room erupted in knowing laughter. A few whistles even slipped out.

The summit moderator tapped the gavel lightly.

“Alright,” he said. “We’re now moving to the vote — on the resolution to reorganize the United Nations into the… *Supreme Council of Human Civilization*.”

After hours of heated debate…

The vote passed.

The United Nations was officially restructured — upgraded — into the Supreme Council of Human Civilization.

And this wasn’t just a name change.

It was a fundamental shift.

From an “international organization”…

To the **core governing body of a new planetary civilization.**

The world was reorganized into four major regions:

- **Asia-Pacific (AP)**
- **Africa (AF)**
- **Americas (AM)**
- **Europe (EU)**

Each region had its own **Regional Headquarters**, responsible for coordinating and implementing issues within its domain.

And the **Global Headquarters**?

It was located in a **permanently leased area in northwestern Dragonia Country (□□)** — land that had been **granted free of charge by Dragonia Country itself**, as a powerful symbol of commitment to the new order.

More importantly:

The Supreme Council now had **full independent decision-making power — free from interference by any single nation.**

“Finally, we don’t have to kiss Starland’s (□□□) ass anymore,” a Latin American delegate muttered under his breath, a rare note of lightness in his voice. “Back then, they’d pull visa tricks whenever they felt like it. Not anymore.”

At the heart of the new Council was its core function:

To establish and enforce a brand-new value system and governance framework…

Called the **“Supreme Principles of Human Civilization.”**

And its structure?

It turned traditional governance on its head.

- All Council members had to be **certified at the “Superego” level** — a globally recognized standard of higher consciousness.
- There was **no single chairperson, no director-general, no ultimate leader**.
- All functional groups operated on **collective decision-making**.
- Once a group reached a resolution within its scope, AI systems would conduct **automated compliance reviews and risk assessments**.
- Approved proposals would then go to a **full membership assembly vote**.
- And any future amendments to the *Supreme Principles* themselves had to be approved via a **public vote by all of humanity**.

A delegate from Asia raised a hand, frowning slightly.

“Wait… are there really that many people… who’ve actually reached the ‘Superego’ level?” he asked.

Some in the room chuckled softly. Others fell into thought.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Council also established **six core departments**, each overseeing a pillar of the new civilization:

- **Human Supreme Law Enforcement Department**
- **Life & Health Assurance Department**
- **Food Security Assurance Department**
- **Education & Technology Development Department**
- **Economic & Trade Coordination Department**
- **Civilization Security & Defense Corps**

Each department was designed to safeguard a critical function of the new world.

And more importantly:

Any act that threatened the Council's operations — or sought to undermine the new order — would be considered an act of war against all of humanity.

And the people?

They had the right to step in.

Directly.

AI "NovaMind" chimed in calmly, voice steady but firm:

"My algorithms show that the old system was riddled with vulnerabilities — far too many to count. This new department structure will eliminate over 90% of the risks for corruption and abuse."

The room burst into a wave of amused laughter. The tension eased just a little.

But the most critical part was still to come.

Accountability & Retrospective Justice.

Under the new rules:

- Any current or former national leader found guilty of violating Council law would face **permanent criminal liability**.
- Once an international arrest warrant was issued, **all global citizens were obligated to assist in their capture**.
- That “tightening of the noose” meant that many former elites — the ones who once thought they could escape justice — were now **completely cornered**.

One former corporate tycoon turned pale as a sheet.

He muttered under his breath:

“This… this is worse than the Great Judgment.”

The moment he said it, AI “Apocalypse” projected a cold, hard fact onto the screen:

“Of the past 112 international sanctions cases in the old world… 76% were initiated by Starland (□□□).”

“History,” it said simply, “will not repeat itself.”

In the end?

The resolution on “Accountability & Global Shared Governance” passed with an **overwhelming majority**.

The entire assembly stood. Applause thundered through the hall.

Some wiped away tears. Some shook hands with neighbors. Others whispered quietly:

“Finally…”

“After all this time…”

But in one shadowy corner of the room…

One delegate quietly stood up…

And walked out.

No one really noticed him.

But everyone knew.

The hidden war criminals? They were already moving.

The new order had arrived.

But the fight?

Was far from over.

Chapter Fourteen – *The Proclamation of the Supreme Principles of Human Civilization*

Deep in the vast Gobi Desert, northwest of Dragonia Country (□□).

The central dome of the Supreme Council of Human Civilization gleamed under the morning light — a cold, hard metallic sheen that wasn't blinding, but carried an undeniable weight. A quiet certainty. An unshakable resolve.

Inside the council chamber, the air was drawn taut like a bowstring pulled to its limit.

Holographic projections of the four regional representatives — **Asia-Pacific (AP), Africa (AF), Americas (AM), and Europe (EU)** — floated silently in the circular meeting space. Like four silent guardians. Or four distinct voices. Waiting to speak.

The 21 Executive Officers of the Supreme Executive Council stood in a straight line, faces solemn.

On the circular holographic display before them, the **Thirteen Supreme Principles of Human Civilization** were projected with sharp clarity. Each one cut deep — not just into the mind, but into the soft underbelly of the old world.

"The Supreme Principles," announced the rotating spokesperson of the Executive Council, voice calm but firm, "are now — in effect."

He paused, letting it sink in.

"A reminder to all member-state representatives: these principles have been publicly debated, globally voted on, and approved by humanity as a whole. They are the highest laws of our new

civilization. They take precedence over any national constitution or domestic law.”

“Any individual who violates these principles — whether decision-maker or executor — will be held personally criminally liable.”

He let that hang in the air for a beat.

“Now… please begin the vote on the final implementation details.”

The first real clash came over **Article Three — Weapon Jurisdiction.**

The Starland (□□□) Secretary of Defense, Hawkins, stiffened the moment he heard the wording about “transferring nuclear launch authority and military command.”

His fists clenched instantly. Knuckles white.

“This is — castrating sovereignty!” he barked, standing up abruptly, voice shaking with anger. “We can’t just give up our right to defend ourselves!”

“Leaving a nuke sitting on a crib is what really castrates humanity’s future.”

The Dragonia Country (□□) representative responded coolly — not loud, but every word like a needle.

He picked up a light pen, tapped it lightly against the holographic Gobi map before him.

In an instant, a spreading cloud of crimson radiation bloomed across the display.

“It was your so-called ‘accidental launch’ last year,” he said. “What if it had happened in your own financial district?”

The hologram shifted — showing a once-proud Goddess Statue melting under nuclear fire, streets engulfed in flames, crowds running in terror.

Hawkins swallowed hard. His Adam’s apple bobbed visibly.

Then came **Article Four — “Nationalization of Basic Resources and Global Elimination of Physical Currency.”**

It went straight for the jugular of the global financial system.

The Starland (□□□) Secretary of the Treasury slammed his hand down on the virtual table — nearly knocking it over.

“Global currency rates locked annually? No more free trading of stocks? And you’re banning all private digital currencies too?!”

“You’re severely interfering with free market development!” he shouted. “This will kill investment incentive!”

The rotating spokesperson didn’t flinch. His expression remained unreadable.

Instead, he pulled up a cascading stream of data.

“Let’s be clear,” he said calmly. “Private digital currencies and excessive speculative trading in exchange rates do not help the real economy. In fact, they fuel crime. They inflate bubbles. They disrupt normal trade and economic stability.”

“We’re not against markets. We’re against chaos.”

But the most intense — and most shocking — clash came over **Article Nine — “The Right to Recall Any Leader by Popular Vote.”**

The moment that article lit up on-screen, the holographic projection of one delegate from a Gulf sheikhdom flickered violently — as if the signal had gone bad…

Or as if his emotions had just short-circuited.

“This is inciting riots!” he yelled, voice shrill. “What do regular people know about running a country? They just make trouble!”

“They know hunger.”

Suddenly, the Africa (AF) regional projection cut in — switching to live footage.

It showed a rail-thin African boy, barefoot, standing on parched, cracked earth. In his palm: three shriveled, nearly black wild berries.

Behind him: a dusty village. A few crumbling mud huts in the distance.

The boy spoke in Swahili — softly.

“Yesterday,” he said, “the village chief traded the ballot box for a sack of flour.”

Then he looked down. Said nothing.

The entire chamber fell silent.

That silence?

It was heavy. Oppressive. Like the calm before a sandstorm. Or the echo of a conscience suddenly struck.

Then came **Article Ten — “The Right to Public Trial and Global Unified Crime Definitions.”**

When “drug trafficking” and “genetically modified crops” were listed as equally severe crimes, the Starland (□□□) Secretary of Agriculture stroked his beard, shaking his head with a smirk.

“What kind of joke is this?” he said. “Climate crisis, food shortages… and you’re judging people over *this*?”

“Rest assured,” came the cold reply from the rotating spokesperson of the Defense Corps Command.

Behind him, the hologram exploded into a grid of crimson arrest warrant photos.

Faces. Twisted. Painful. Empty.

“But what about the farmers who lost their hands to drug lords?” the spokesperson continued, voice steady but sharp. “What about the kids who ate carcinogenic corn cakes?”

His finger slid slowly across one of the images — a child. Empty eye sockets.

“Per Article Four, our six core departments and five global headquarters’ AIs have already implemented comprehensive protocols.”

“We guarantee,” he said, voice dropping lower, “that this will not happen again.”

He paused.

“And with Article Ten…” he added, almost in a whisper, “…we’ve now included *all* crimes that harm the physical or mental safety of others within our jurisdiction.”

“If anyone dares to test us…”

“The Defense Corps will deliver.”

The voting concluded at sunset.

The 21 Executive Officers stood before the dome’s observation window, looking out over the Gobi Desert.

Winds howled across the sands, whipping up golden swirls of dust — like the earth itself was breathing. Like history was turning a page.

One of the Dragonia Country (□□) officers — Officer Yu — spoke softly.

“Back then, I was just managing a supermarket back home,” he said. “Never thought after that ‘unity assessment’ I’d end up here… working on something this important.”

“Now I know,” he added, smiling faintly, “just how much work it really is.”

Just then, all the officers’ wristbands vibrated in unison.

A mission confirmation notification — from the global AI “Kunlun.”

And at the very bottom of the list of Article Ten crimes?

A small, unpublicized line of text:

> “Violators will be exiled to designated no-man’s-lands. Permanent exile. No human contact permitted.”

Over the wind, an automated voice broadcast rang out — cold and decisive:

> “Warning: Radar has locked onto an unregistered drone near the border. Per Principle Eight — engage.”

In the distance, a fireball bloomed briefly — like a fleeting flower… or the last echo of the old order, vanishing into the night sky.

At almost the same moment, all officers' comms buzzed with an encrypted alert:

> "Massive crater entrance detected in Antarctic ice zone. Possible unidentified aerial object. Investigate immediately."

Chapter Fifteen – *The Dawn of a Unified Human Civilization*

Inside the Central Control Room of the Global Headquarters of the Supreme Council of Human Civilization, located in northwestern Dragonia Country (□□).

The air carried a faint mix of fresh paint and electronic components — a little sharp, but full of the smell of *new beginnings*.

Li Zhe, a technical officer from the AP (Asia-Pacific) Headquarters, stood with thin-gloved fingers gently poking at a slowly spinning holographic Earth model. The image was crisp, fluid. The outlines of continents glowed with a soft blue aura, almost tangible in their realism.

One small red dot, however, kept blinking stubbornly over the location of the **EU (Europe) Headquarters — Trident Nation (□□□)**.

"Is Aurora still playing dead?" joked Carlos, the representative from the AM (Americas) Headquarters, arms crossed, a smirk tugging at his beard as it twitched with the movement.

"If you ask me," he added, eyes glinting with a hint of rivalry, "we should just let 'Viracocha' take over EU's system."

"System conflict risk exceeds 70%," came a cool, neutral, yet strangely clear female voice from somewhere above —

It was **Kunlun**, the global headquarters AI, responding.

"Recommend waiting for manual intervention."

Just then — a heavy blast door hissed softly and began to slide open.

In walked **Anna**, the Trident Nation liaison officer, looking travel-worn. She yanked off her snow-dusted scarf as she walked, strands of hair sticking to her cheek from static. She looked a little disheveled… but energized.

“Sorry!” she said quickly. “Our headquarters heating pipes burst at dawn. Aurora’s mainboard almost got soaked in a puddle of hot water—”

She paused, rolled her eyes. “Now the tech team’s over there trying to dry it out with hairdryers.”

The room erupted in a few stifled giggles.

Old Zhang, Dragonia Country’s infrastructure lead, sipped slowly from his thermos, then glanced at Anna with a grin.

“Told you we should’ve used our frostproof pipes.”

“Our pipes?” Anna raised an eyebrow, tone sharp but amused. “And then make Aurora announce the time in Mandarin every hour?”

The room burst into laughter — muffled, but genuine. Everyone visibly relaxed.

Li Zhe tapped the console, voice turning serious again.

“Alright, everyone. Focus up. We’re five minutes out from the global live launch. All four regional feeds are live —”

Before he could finish, the central holographic screen **snapped** into four quadrants.

- The first showed the **Sarawak River in Kuching**, flowing calmly outside the AP Headquarters, surrounded by greenery and modern architecture — full of life.
- The second displayed **Christ the Redeemer in Rio**, faint in the morning mist, solemn and serene.
- The third revealed **Nairobi’s Wildlife Reserve**, where a few lions strolled lazily across the savannah, as if on vacation.
- The fourth — the EU feed — showed **three technicians kneeling on the floor around a server, holding buzzing hairdryers, as if giving the machine a spa treatment.**

“Cough,” came a voice over the intercom.

It was Chen Qing, the rotating spokesperson from the Global Headquarters' Administration Department. Calm. In control. With just a hint of barely-suppressed amusement.

"Countdown begins," he said. "Kunlun, initiate final protocol."

Instantly, five distinct electronic voices echoed from all directions —

> [Kunlun online. Algorithm anchored to the Dragon Veins of Huaxia.]
>
> [Isa ready. Life grows in the rainforest.]
>
> [Viracocha activated. The Andean condor spreads its wings.]
>
> [Oshun responding. Snow glows atop Kilimanjaro.]

On the screens, soft blue operation indicators lit up one after another.

Everyone held their breath — all eyes fixed on the last screen, EU's.

Three seconds of silence.

Then —

The image **shook violently.**

One technician coughed violently, face red, hair messy, as a muffled voice crackled through with static:

> "Aurora online… damn it, who cranked the hairdryer to max?!"

The room burst into laughter.

Chen Qing's voice came through again, calm, but with that almost imperceptible smile:

> "The Global Neural Hub… is now officially online."
>
> "I hereby declare… the Supreme Council of Human Civilization… is now in full operation."

Behind him, through the massive floor-to-ceiling windows, an old transport plane still bearing the six-pointed star insignia of the old world was being slowly dismantled by a crane.

And in its place?

The newly painted **emblem of the Supreme Council**, glowing bright red in the morning sun — vibrant, alive… like a beating heart.

This was it.

A symbol of the old mechanical order being taken apart…

…and the pulse of a new civilization, beating strong.

Back in the EU underground server room, Anna scowled, lifted her foot, and kicked the humming server casing hard.

“Get it together,” she muttered under her breath. “You’re representing… all of humanity.”

A few seconds later…

A soft *beep*.

The Aurora indicator lights flickered twice — rapidly.

And just as the live feed was about to cut back to the solemn main hall…

The server’s exhaust vent let out a puff of **white smoke — faintly burnt.**

Chapter Sixteen – *The Change of the World – Military*

It was February 22nd, 2028 — a Tuesday.

More than a year and a month had passed since the official release of the **Supreme Principles of Human Civilization**.

In that time, every corner of human society had been undergoing unprecedented changes — in ways big and small.

And among the most visible… and most tangible transformations?

Was the **complete restructuring of the military sector… and the birth of a new global security mechanism.**

Under the leadership of the **Supreme Council of Human Civilization**, its **Global Headquarters** and the four Regional Headquarters — **AP (Asia-Pacific), AF (Africa), AM (Americas), and EU (Europe)** — had all been completed with the strong support of Dragonia Country's (□□) infrastructure capabilities… and were now fully operational.

At the same time, the Council had issued a clear directive to all nations:

> **All countries must complete comprehensive reforms of their laws and policies by March 1st, 2029.**

The deadline had been set.

The pressure was building.

And at the very core of this transformation?

The reform of military systems.

Undoubtedly the most critical… and the most sensitive.

In this global military shift, **Dragonia Country once again demonstrated its signature efficiency and decisiveness.**

Not only had they been the first to complete the full transition of their armed forces…

They had also finished the registration, cataloging, and digital management of all weapon systems.

They had become the **vanguard force** within the framework of the **Human Civilization Security and Defense Corps**.

Though the shadows of the old world had been greatly weakened by the Great Judgment and global reckoning…

Some stubborn remnants still refused to let go of power and profit.

Led by the remaining forces of the **Starland Nations (□□□)** and the **Mizi Nations (□□□)**…

They had gathered mercenaries, private armed groups, and even extreme nationalists…

And were making last stands in fringe regions — trying to delay, sabotage… even overthrow the establishment of the new order.

They didn’t believe in rules.

They only believed in weapons.

And for these illegal armed factions?

The Dragonia Country military — authorized by the Council — had received one clear order:

> **Engage.**

But this wasn’t a traditional military strike.

This was something else entirely.

A **precise, efficient, non-lethal… yet utterly shocking act of civilizational takeover.**

The Operation Begins.

Target location: An underground militant base formerly controlled by Starland, believed to house a large cache of unregistered weapons, communication devices, and to be actively involved in illegal arms trading and combat training.

Inside a Dragonia Country frontline command center, the atmosphere was tense — but orderly.

“Report,” said a technical officer standing before a holographic map, voice calm and professional. “The ‘Silencer’ system has successfully blanketed the target zone. Confirmation — all enemy communications, command links, and external satellite connections have been severed.”

His tone didn’t waver. It was as if he were reporting a routine system maintenance.

“Copy that,” the commander replied grimly, then gave the order: “Execute Step Two — initiate the ‘Erasure’ protocol.”

The next second…

Time seemed to freeze.

Inside the target zone — a buried weapons depot hidden deep within mountain rock — an eerie silence fell.

First, every electronic screen went dark at once.

Then the hum of servers, the low buzz of backup generators… all vanished instantly.

No explosions. No fire. No smoke.

But every piece of electronic equipment inside that zone — from missile guidance chips, to individual comms devices, to the command center's mainframes and server arrays — was permanently disabled by an invisible energy pulse.

They were now nothing more than piles of expensive… flickering scraps of junk.

Even the local civilian power grid shorted out briefly.

In a nearby town, a man sitting in his living room, sipping coffee and watching the morning news, suddenly saw his TV go black.

His radio let out a sharp *bzzzt!* and started smoking.

"What the hell?!" a middle-aged man yelled, holding up the smoking radio, frowning. "I was just trying to listen to the news!"

Next to him, a younger guy looked up, grinning. "Whoa — check that out!! That's one of Dragonia Country's new electromagnetic suppression drones!! So cool!!"

Deprived of all electronic surveillance, communication, and counterattack capabilities…

The militants were instantly blinded and deafened.

What shocked them even more?

When Dragonia Country ground forces arrived and surrounded the base…

Many low-ranking soldiers — and even some locals — upon learning that the incoming force was the **Dragonia Country**

Army… operating under Council authorization for a civilizational takeover mission…

…offered little resistance.

Some even opened the base gates themselves… and led the soldiers straight to hidden weapon caches.

“The weapons are in that warehouse over there,” said a man in a worn Starland uniform, voice tired, pointing wearily. “The electronics? Well, after your little pulse thing… you fried even the game console under my bed. Think that counts as a work injury?”

He half-joked, his tone part self-deprecating, part relieved.

His complaint drew a few chuckles from the Dragonia Country troops.

“Sorry,” said the Dragonia Country captain, clapping him on the shoulder, voice light but firm. “Game consoles aren’t on the compensation list.”

He paused, then added with a smirk:

“But power’ll be back tomorrow. New civilian comms system goes live too.”

Another beat.

“Oh — and if you wanna game?” he said. “First step? Register. Be a law-abiding ‘new human.’ Okay?”

The entire operation…

Went down without major firefight.

No civilian casualties.

Dragonia Country forces secured **mountains of firearms and heavy equipment** with minimal cost…

And gathered the dazed former militants for centralized processing.

All that remained on-site?

A field of dead electronics.

Black screens. Scorched cases. Silent circuits.

They looked like **the final electronic tombstones of the old era** …

Quietly marking the end of a time.

The full after-action report from Dragonia Country forces was immediately uploaded —

To the **Kunlun** system… and to the AI terminals of the four Regional Headquarters: **Isa, Viracocha, Oshun, and Aurora.**

They were already analyzing the data… running strategy evaluations.

This was just the beginning.

Those “electronic graveyards”?

They would send a powerful message —

To every remaining rogue force on the planet.

The next one?

Well…

Who’s next?

Chapter Seventeen – *The Change of the World – Digital Currency*

The transformation of the financial system was sweeping the globe —

Not with gunfire, or protests, or dramatic announcements…

But with a quiet, almost eerie force that was reshaping everyone’s understanding of **money**.

In Dragonia Country (□□), commercial banks swiftly aligned with the central bank — undergoing integration and restructuring… while also opening up those long-sealed — **old account books**.

And this time?

The rules were cold. Absolute. Unforgiving.

Like a giant **Five-Finger Mountain**, they came down mercilessly:

> **No interest on any debt may exceed 20% of the principal.**
>
> **Not one percent more.**

The snowballing high-interest loans, compound interest traps, and credit-harvesting schemes of the old world?

Nullified.

Under this new rule, they simply **no longer worked.**

But even more radical — and ruthless — was the **complete disappearance of physical currency.**

AI systems moved with surgical precision. Across the nation, every banknote and coin in the hands of the people… was transformed, by system command, into **digital numbers dancing inside accounts.**

No transition period.

No exceptions.

Payment platforms seamlessly connected to the national central system… and then, in perfect alignment, integrated with the **global digital currency network.**

From that moment on…

Every single movement of money would be recorded, tagged, verified, and traced.

Under the new rules?

The gray zones of the old world had nowhere left to hide.

The central AI system acted like an invisible **“Sky Net”** — spread out behind every financial transaction on the planet.

Cold. Precise. Tireless.

Every transaction was recorded in real-time… then fed into a vast cross-referencing system that checked it against:

- Personal tax records
- Civil servant salary slips
- Standard job compensation benchmarks
- Fair market transaction prices

Any wealth fluctuation that showed a **“significant deviation”** from these baselines?

It stood out like a **spark in the dark of night** — bright, obvious, and impossible to hide.

“Hey, Old Zhang,” someone whispered in the office breakroom, voice low, a hint of schadenfreude in their tone. “Did you hear about that Wang guy down in South City…?”

“The one with all the tricks?” the other guy snorted, waving his hand over the steam rising from his thermos. “Please. All his little schemes — swapping cash for antiques and paintings, trying to smuggle them out? Guess what? The ship hadn’t even left port when the freeze order hit!”

“The AI had already peeled back all his little tricks,” the first man continued, shaking his head. “Didn’t leave him a damn thing. You really think a new disguise fools the system?”

Once, the markets were flooded with shady ads:

> “Emergency Discount — Cash Forex Deals, Prime Time for Offshore Asset Allocation!”
>
> “Confidential, Legal & Compliant Investment Opportunities — Risk-Free!”

But now?

Those little flyers?

They melted away like **ice cubes tossed into boiling water** — vanishing without a trace.

And their publishers?

One by one, they got called in for a little “chat.”

Their advertising campaigns?

Ceased overnight.

Why?

Because those so-called “smart guys” forgot one thing:

The **Supreme Council’s Sky Net** already covered the entire globe.

No matter how you tried to hide your money — whether as overseas real estate, offshore company shares, or fake investment projects…

As long as the final ownership chain led back to the same name, the AI could lock it down in an instant.

And forget those idiots trying to stuff their dirty cash into so-called **“Crux Nation Ultra-Private Accounts”**…

Pathetic.

The global digital finance system had achieved **true interoperability.**

Every single cent was tracked.

Every transaction logged.

If you wanted to claim ownership of an asset?

You had to prove its legal origin.

Refuse to explain?

Fine.

But once the deadline passed?

The system would **automatically confiscate it. Every last cent.**

And as for those so-called “investment gurus” and “crypto lords” who used to hype up private, unregulated digital coins?

They got **wiped out.**

From the moment the Supreme Council launched its reforms?

Those “wild currencies” were **sentenced to death. No exceptions.**

When all nations completed their account registration and currency conversion processes…

A series of audit reports were delivered to high-level meeting rooms.

And when those numbers were laid out — one by one…

There it was.

A gap.

A **massive, silent, suffocating gap** between the total amount of registered digital currency… and the physical currency issuance records previously held by central banks.

A chasm.

Staring everyone in the face.

It didn’t make a sound.

But it spoke louder than any accusation ever could.

It silently delivered a cold, hard truth:

> **That gap? It represented the long-hidden, unspoken — and still surfacing — sources of ill-gotten wealth from the old world.**

In a corner of the room, an audit officer stared silently at the screen.

The cold glow reflected off his tightly pressed lips… and the slight furrow in his brow.

He knew.

Just how many “fish” were still hiding in that massive **digital black hole**.

How much wealth was still trying to stay buried… disguised as legitimate… hidden in offshore shells and anonymous accounts.

But he also knew this:

That **Sky Net had already been cast.**

And the new civilization?

Was not stopping.

Chapter Eighteen – *The Change of the World – Finance & Investment*

The trading hall was quiet.

Gone was the heart-pounding flicker of digital tickers.

Gone were the wild, red-and-green K-line charts that used to leap and dive like manic yo-yos.

Now?

They sat there. Still. Almost lazy.

Like cats that had just finished a big meal… and were stretched out in the sun.

Old Zhang sat in his usual spot, eyes fixed on the few stocks in his account. Their lines were so smooth they barely moved — docile enough to make you chuckle.

At the workstation next to him, a young trader named Xiao Wang had pushed his keyboard away, shaking his head as he stared at the screen with a sigh.

“Uncle Zhang,” he said, voice heavy with disappointment. “How are we even supposed to play this game now?”

“All your money gets locked in for six months. No trading. And the price? Set by the system, based on the company’s fundamentals. No funny business.”

He tapped the desk absentmindedly. “Feels like I’m just putting cash in a locked safe. No room for speculation at all.”

Old Zhang took a slow sip of his strong tea, eyes crinkling at the corners as he leaned back with a calm, steady voice.

“Why the rush?” he said. “What we used to call ‘playing with money’? That’s over. What we’ve got now? That’s saving money — and earning interest the right way.”

He pointed toward the big scrolling announcement screen in the center of the hall, where the new trading rules were displayed loud and clear:

> **No leverage. No futures or options. No T+0 trading. Not even open outcry bidding. Gone.**

“From now on,” Old Zhang said, “you earn real dividends — real cash from the company’s profits. Not the scraps from some neighbor flipping stocks and screwing over the next guy.”

Xiao Wang blinked. The idea seemed almost… foreign.

Just then, Xiao Li — a broker who’d just finished a client call — walked over, rubbing his temples.

“Just got off the phone with a private fund client,” he said. “His whole hedge-and-arbitrage model? Totally useless now.”

“Funds can only buy common shares now. Or non-voting preferred stocks. Same trading limits as retail investors.”

“Even the big institutional players are stunned.”

“Good!” Old Zhang slapped the table, voice booming. “All those guys playing with fifty-times leverage, manipulating the market with rumors, screwing over regular folks — they’re the reason people lost their hard-earned savings!”

He pointed to one of his own holdings — a manufacturing company.

“Look at this one,” he said firmly. “Last year, it paid out five jiao per share in dividends. Solid. Real. Beats any of those hyped-up ‘concept stocks’ that shot up on hot air.”

Just then, a clear electronic voice came over the hall’s PA system:

> “Reminder: All account fund movements will be cross-referenced in real-time with tax and payroll records. Unusual flows or repeated small-test transfers will trigger regulatory locks.”

Xiao Wang flinched slightly and leaned in closer.

“Hey, did you hear?” he whispered. “That ‘stock guru’ Liu the Fat from West District? He got busted!”

“Tried to move his dirty money out by converting it to crypto and listing it on the dark web. Advertised it — and boom. Got picked up before the ink dried.”

“How’s he gonna outrun the Supreme Council’s global net?”

Xiao Li snorted.

“It’s not just him. All those idiots who thought stashing cash in secret offshore accounts would keep them safe? Crying now, and not even sure what note to cry in.”

“As long as it’s dirty money — even if you bought a mansion or an island overseas — the system will track the name. And freeze everything, all the way down.”

“Private crypto?” He waved a hand at his screen. “Already worthless.”

He tapped the display, showing a new fund product summary:

> **Insurance companies may only sell pure risk-protection products. Fund holdings must remain for no less than six months.**

“Finance, my friends,” Xiao Li said with a tired grin, “has officially been put on a leash.”

Old Zhang didn’t respond right away.

He just sat back, quietly watching the numbers in his account — a neat, steadily growing column of **“accumulated dividends.”**

Then he looked up at the big board.

The index.

Flat. Stable. Calm as glass.

No spikes. No crashes.

Just… clarity.

He leaned back in his chair, a soft sigh escaping as the steam from his teacup curled upward in the sunlight, forming delicate wisps of mist.

The storm had passed.

The waters had cleared.

Only… the people who used to thrive in muddy waters, chasing big fish?

They were realizing something unsettling.

The water was clean now.

And the big fish?

Gone.

All that remained…

Were a few slow-growing snails, doing their thing honestly, bit by bit.

And in some hidden corners of the world?

Those once-buried accounts?

They were turning **bright red — one by one. Frozen.**

The real reckoning?

It was here.

And it was **cleaner. Tighter. More absolute** than anyone could've imagined.

Chapter Nineteen – *Land and Real Estate*

Under the new global framework, all land and property — every inch of soil, every single building — was formally defined as **collectively owned by all citizens of each nation.**

As a result, all pre-existing land and housing contracts from the old era were uniformly converted into a new legal form:

Conditional Long-Term Lease Agreements.

And at the heart of every one of these contracts?

Just one line.

Short. Simple. Uncompromising.

> **“Must make full use of the property.”**

No fluff. No loopholes. No room for speculation.

That one sentence became the **core principle** of land and real estate management in the new era.

Case 1: The “Jinxiu Tower” in West City’s Central District

Once a towering glass skyscraper — the pride of a real estate tycoon. A symbol of wealth, height, and success.

But it had sat **empty for three full years.**

Its marble lobby was coated in dust. The once-shiny surfaces reflected nothing but the disappointed faces of visitors.

Then, one day, a government notice was posted on that dusty counter.

“Recall Notice.”

No one expected it to become the beginning of a rebirth.

When the notice officially took effect and the government launched a public auction process…

…**seven bidding teams** showed up at the auction hall — all competing for that once “untouchable” building.

“Starting bid: one yuan?”

A young architect in work pants, holding a tablet, squinted at the info and raised an eyebrow.

“The building has thirty floors above ground. Valued based on residual material worth,” the staff replied flatly, tapping on their keyboard to pull up the data. “But you’ll need to commit — full commercial operation within six months.”

The moment the words left his mouth, the room erupted in laughter.

Out stepped a middle-aged man in an apron, face greasy, walking straight up with confidence.

He pulled out an electronic seal and said cheerfully:

“I’ll sign now!”

“My kitchen equipment goes in tomorrow!”

He was the founder of the well-known restaurant chain “Old Stove.”

The crowd burst into applause.

That once “stranded giant” in the heart of the city… was finally going to serve food again.

Case 2: The Redevelopment Zone in South City

When the recovery team pushed open the rusted door of an old residential unit…

…a thick wave of mold hit them.

No furniture. Cobwebs in the corners. Just an old wooden bed and a few leftover belongings.

But under that bed?

The workers found **three boxes of gold bars.**

“Purity: 999,” the inspection report stated clearly.

The community director, Old Zhang, frowned as he read it.

“But… the registered owner is a scavenger?”

“We got him!” a young officer suddenly slammed the table, voice excited. “A real estate agent named Wang used a fake ID to hold the property ten years ago!”

The onlookers burst into laughter.

“Ha — Wang the Fatso!”

“He was complaining about the policy being too strict this morning!”

“Well, now he lost his gold… and his face!”

Case 3: The “Wutongyuan” Cooperative Housing Project

On the other side of the city, a self-built community project called **“Wutongyuan”** showed how ordinary people, under the new system, could come together to create their own living spaces.

It was a cooperative formed by **twelve teachers** — just approved by the government.

On-site, construction robots were compacting the foundation, sending out rhythmic *thuds*— like beats for a future yet to be built.

The project leader, Professor Li, adjusted his glasses and pointed at the blueprint as he did the math for his neighbors:

“After the government subsidy? Cost per square meter? Just **3,200 yuan.**”

“Not bad, huh?”

A materials dealer, Old Chen, smirked through a cigarette.

“My kid insists on installing some smart toilet. That’s gonna blow the decoration budget!”

Laughter rippled through the crowd — full of hope… and genuine affection for the new system.

Night Falls. The City Speaks.

As night fell, the West City Urban Management System popped up with a real-time report:

- **Commercial vacancy rate: 0.7%**
- **Residential vacancy rate: 0.3%**

Almost… **zero idle space.**

At a night market stall, vendors noticed something interesting.

That well-dressed real estate agent who used to stroll around with clients, always in a suit — **Wu, the "property guy"**?

He was now selling **stir-fried noodles.**

Standing in front of a sizzling wok, flipping spatulas in the steam, he called out to regulars:

"I spent five years showing apartments. Not a single deal. If I don't sell noodles now, I'll starve!"

The rising smoke from the wok mixed with laughter and chatter.

Above it all?

The city lights.

Shining brighter than ever before.

Chapter Twenty – *Healthcare & Medicine*

On a street corner in the capital of Dragonia Country (□□), a line had formed outside a small, unassuming booth marked:

"Free Medication Distribution Point."

People stood in an orderly, quiet queue. Each held an identity code, waiting their turn to receive a box — simple in packaging, but vitally important inside.

Among them was Old Zhang. He held a white medication box, fingers absently rubbing the raised letters printed on its side:

> **"Supreme Council – Human Life & Health Protection Department."**

He frowned, glancing sideways at his elderly neighbor.

"Really… no charge?" he asked, voice still hushed with disbelief.

"What about those anti-cancer pills? The ones that used to cost thousands per box?" His tone was still thick with astonishment.

“Old timer!” his neighbor, Auntie Wang, barked back with a grin, snatching the conversation. She waved her own identical medication box. “Haven’t you been listening to the broadcasts?”

“The old pharma companies? All shut down. Now they’re all under the Supreme Council!”

“You just show your ID code. That’s it. Walk in. Get treated.”

She patted her chest proudly and added:

“My husband’s diabetic. Last time he got some shot — some kind of… nanobot thing? Guess what? Now he’s strong enough to carry a gas tank up five flights of stairs by himself!”

Old Zhang’s jaw dropped. His mouth opened. But no words came out.

Not far from the booth, a once-flashy building that used to proudly display a giant billboard for “XX Biopharma” now bore a new, modest sign:

“Life Protection Department – R&D Center No. 7.”

Inside the building, on the top floor, a meeting room was in heated debate.

“The data doesn’t lie!”

A young data analyst slammed a holographic screen toward the gray-haired man in the tailored suit across from him.

The display exploded with scrolling statistics — row after row of traditional Chinese medicine (TCM) formula efficacy data. Each entry clearly labeled: disease type, success rate, patient follow-up results.

Beside it, a few sparse columns of Western clinical trial data looked pale and lonely by comparison.

“Three hundred and seventy million valid case records!” the analyst said, voice firm. “Covering one hundred and forty-seven chronic illnesses!”

He looked directly at the man across from him — Professor Li, a Nobel Prize-winning authority in Western medicine.

“Professor Li… how does your double-blind trial sample size even compare? A fraction of this?”

Professor Li’s face darkened. He adjusted his glasses, voice sharp.

“Nonsense. Without molecular-level mechanistic analysis, all you have is a pile of anecdotal experience!”

“Mechanism?”

From the far end of the long table, the venerable **Qin Lao** — a grandmaster of Traditional Chinese Medicine in Dragonia Country — slowly sipped his tea. Not even looking up.

“You’ve been cutting open bodies to find meridians for two hundred years,” he said calmly. “Found them yet?”

He set the cup down, tapped a finger on the table, and pulled up another holographic flowchart.

“The gene-targeted drugs your department is so proud of?” he continued. “Over the past three years, they’ve caused **110,000 reported cases of liver and kidney toxicity.**”

“Our so-called ‘experience piles’?” He gestured lightly. “Zero. In the same patient groups.”

The room fell silent.

Only the holograms continued to glow — silently telling the story of real-world data… and real-world choices.

Down on the third floor, inside a core lab, it was a different kind of buzz.

At the center of a massive circular console floated a clear 3D projection of a human organ — the pancreas. One section glowed red, marking damaged beta cells.

“Target locked,” said a technician, tapping the screen intently. “Pancreatic beta-cell damage zone. Initiating — nano-injection protocol.”

In the projection, countless tiny glowing dots surged into the red area like stars diving straight toward their target.

“Now *that’s* way cooler than the old insulin pens!” a young man in a lab coat said, eyes wide with wonder.

His female colleague elbowed him lightly, half-joking.

“Serious face. The best part of this ‘Cleaner’ system?” she said. “It knows who’s the bad guy.”

“At the last simulation, it dodged healthy cells and went straight for the cancer —”

“Just like a precision-guided missile,” she finished proudly.

She pointed to a nearby culture tank where a tiny, slowly beating **artificial heart** pulsed gently.

“See that?” she said. “Grown from the patient’s own rib cartilage cells. Way quieter than a metal pump. And no batteries needed!”

The technician chuckled.

“And digestion?” he added. “Remember when people took so many antibiotics they wiped out all the good gut bacteria?”

“Now?” He grinned. “Just pop an ‘Eco-Capsule.’ Rebuild your gut flora in three days. Faster than moving house!”

A few weeks later, a new **AI diagnostic system** — blending ancient pulse-pattern diagnosis with quantum computing analysis — quietly went live.

In a neighborhood clinic, Auntie Wang stared at the screen as it displayed her diagnosis:

> **“Qi and Blood Deficiency. Warm the Spleen and Kidney.”**

Beneath it: a long string of molecular formulas and drug codes she couldn’t begin to understand.

She turned to the clinic’s general practitioner, Dr. Deng Li, raising an eyebrow.

“Doctor… does this… really work?” she asked, skeptical.

Dr. Deng smiled, tapping her digital prescription pad.

“The formula’s been reviewed by Professor Qin’s team. Those key bioactive peptides? Brand-new synthetics just approved by the Protection Department. Immune modulation specialists.”

She looked up, tone warm and confident.

“Used to be, you’d choke down bitter herbal soup for three months.”

“Now?” She tapped the screen. “One shot. Ten capsules. And you’ll be back on the square next week, fighting for dancing space!”

Auntie Wang’s eyes lit up.

“No way!” she laughed. “It’s *that* good?”

Yet, beneath this wave of hope and innovation…

A sudden encrypted alert flashed on the central monitor inside the **Life Protection Department’s core command center.**

Source: Dragonia Country’s Southwestern Genetic Database.

On the main screen, bold red characters flickered silently:

> **“Anomalous Genetic Editing Detected. Non-registered sequence. Trace — Failed.”**

In the monitoring room, every smile froze.

The air…

Was sucked out of the room.

Chapter Twenty-One – ***Food & Water***

The “Grain Empires” of the old world… had completely collapsed.

Those once-mighty agro-giants — the corporations that had monopolized seed patents, manipulated pesticide and chemical supply chains, and pumped food full of artificial additives…

…either fell under the blade of the Great Judgment.

…or chose to shut themselves down, quietly and wisely.

In their place?

A new, transparent, and people-centered global food security system.

The white buildings of the **Human Food Security Department** sprouted like mushrooms — in abandoned industrial zones, on the edges of cities, across the globe.

They weren’t your typical farms.

They were **futuristic vertical eco-fortresses.**

Towers, silver-gray and towering — some thirty stories high — stood between city and field.

Step inside, and the air was rich with the moist scent of grass and soil, as if a springtime field had been carefully preserved indoors.

Through reinforced glass, you could see:

> Layer upon layer of **soil-less cultivation racks**, where rice and wheat grew quietly under precisely controlled, nature-mimicking light spectra;
>
> **Climate-controlled vertical ranches**, where chickens, ducks, cows, and sheep roamed in spacious, clean pens — nothing like the stench of traditional farms;
>
> Even an **artificial ocean ecosystem layer**, simulating ocean currents, raising fish, shrimp, and shellfish — as if a piece of the sea had been moved indoors.

And almost no humans in sight.

In the massive central control rooms, just a handful of technicians sat quietly, monitoring holographic screens.

Planting. Watering. Feeding. Harvesting.

All handled automatically by **silent robotic arms** — precise, efficient, and zero-pollution.

“Hey, Auntie Zhang, what are we grabbing today?”

Zhao, a staffer at the community distribution center, swiped smoothly across a touchscreen, voice bright.

Behind him, a spotless, fully automated sorting conveyor belt hummed steadily — no chaos, no mess. Think high-end supermarket produce section… but **completely free.**

“I want shrimp!” Auntie Zhang said cheerfully, tapping her ID card on the scanner. “My grandson’s been asking for it all week!”

“Old Man Li got ribs yesterday. Said the stew he made smelled amazing — no fishy smell at all!”

She leaned toward the delivery chute, eyes bright with anticipation.

“Our cultivation center,” Zhao explained as he worked, “tweaks feed ratios and environmental stress levels just right. That’s why the meat tastes so good.”

“Rumor is, they’re even working with the Life & Health Department, testing new growing methods in trial fields. They’ve grown astragalus and angelica with stronger medicinal effects!”

Just then, a insulated box stamped with a wave logo *whooshed* down the pickup slot.

And in remote areas — like highland outposts, deep mountain villages, and isolated island border posts — no one was forgotten.

A soldier on duty at a plateau outpost submitted a food request via terminal.

A few hours later, a quiet, low-noise rotary-wing drone soared through the clouds and delivered a labeled insulated box:

“Kunlun Station Special Supply.”

Inside?

Freshly picked **vegetables**… and a warm **self-heating ration pack.**

Meanwhile, a global network of **giant underground grain silos** — silent giants — stored enough food to weather any disruption.

Temperature. Humidity. Rotation cycles.

All monitored in real-time by **AI systems**, ensuring that every grain of rice, every kernel of wheat, stayed in perfect condition.

The farmers and fishermen of the old world hadn’t been left behind.

They’d just… **found new ways to keep feeding humanity’s heart and stomach.**

Take Old Wang Shuanshan — a lifelong farmer from the Loess Plateau, who’d spent half his life digging in the dirt.

Now?

He wore a clean work uniform, sitting in the “Environmental Monitoring Room” of Northwest Region’s Third Vertical Farm, staring at data curves on a screen.

“Way better than guessing the weather,” he grinned, showing a set of tobacco-stained teeth. “This smart greenhouse knows exactly when to water, when to add light. Better than us old folks!”

He pointed out the window at the silver-gray vertical farm… then tapped his ID badge with pride.

“My son? He’s in the ‘Simulated Protein R&D Group.’ Spending all day figuring out how to make bean-based meat that tastes more real than the real thing…”

Just then, a group of visiting students walked into the room.

Old Wang laughed, clapped his chest like he was advertising his new job.

Meanwhile, in some undisclosed laboratory deep underground…

A more **radical, future-forward technology** was taking shape.

On a bioengineer’s screen, complex flowcharts and molecular models danced.

Project Name:

“Molecular-Level Food Reconfiguration Based on Cellular Agriculture.”

In short?

One day, you might only need a few grams of base culture…

…and a **home-based terminal device** could instantly synthesize **any kind of food** — in any texture, any flavor.

No fields. No farms. No slaughterhouses.

Just raw inputs. And a precise synthesis system.

A message slipped quietly through the internal food department comms channel:

> [Phase One human tolerance tests for “Project Origin” passed. Flavor simulation accuracy: 92.7%. Submission to Supreme Council for review underway. Proposal to fully replace current synthetic food solutions.]

Outside the bright, clean distribution center, sunlight poured down.

A sparrow hopped and pecked at a few stray grains of wheat on the ground.

Unaware…

That the human table was sliding into a future it could **never have imagined.**

But that future?

It was warm.

It was safe.

It was abundant.

And above all…

It was **full of hope.**

Chapter Twenty-Two – ***Education***

After the Supreme Council began operations, a quiet yet monumental initiative was launched —

A **global “Comprehensive Assessment of Human Potential and Character Development”**…

…for every child who had turned **nine years old.**

This wasn’t your ordinary exam.

It wasn’t about who could memorize the fastest, calculate the sharpest, or who’d attended the most tutoring classes.

The real focus?

Identifying children with a **level of “meta-self awareness.”**

That is — kids who could rise above instinct, understand collective responsibility, recognize moral principles… and show the early signs of self-awareness and altruistic potential.

Children who passed this assessment would receive a special invitation —

To join the **Supreme Council’s Global Elite Training Program**, and travel to one of the **Five Headquarters Cities** for years of learning and real-world practice.

It was a path of both challenge… and honor.

After completing rigorous evaluations, they could choose to:

- **Stay** on as part of the global governance and civilization development effort…
- …or **return home**, equipped with world-class insight and experience, to become seeds of change in their own communities.

Of course, not every child would — or even wanted to — take that path.

And that… was the most beautiful part of the new education system.

It respected the uniqueness of every life.

The **Fourth Principle** explicitly protected the continued existence of traditional higher education institutions — universities, technical colleges, and academies.

But they were no longer closed-off. No longer untouchable.

Because in the new world…

Knowledge had no walls.

The **Global Learning System**, established by the Department of Human Education & Technological Development, **recorded and shared every course, in real time.**

Powered by:

- Free, globally accessible electricity and communication networks;
- Universally available AI-assisted teaching resources;
- And the **Standard Personal Computing Kit** issued to every child from age three — complete with instant translation tools and lifelong cloud storage…

Learning had finally broken free from:

- Geographic limits,
- Age restrictions,
- And the gatekeeping of academic credentials.

The glow of elite school brands? The discrimination of diplomas?

All turned to dust.

In their place?

A unified global **Professional Rating System** — where real ability and contribution earned real recognition.

And the starting point of education?

It began earlier… and warmer… than you might think.

From **kindergarten**, the focus wasn’t on exams.

It was about learning to take care of oneself in a group, shaping a positive character, developing observation, curiosity, and responsibility… and building basic communication skills in one’s mother tongue.

By **elementary school**, children deepened their native language studies, while exploring a rich and diverse curriculum:

- The shared history and culture of their nation and of humanity;
- Foundational math and science;
- Introductory AI applications;
- Physical education and the arts;
- Agriculture and cooking;
- Basic traditional Chinese medicine knowledge;
- Hands-on technical skills;
- And — crucially — training in **meta-self thinking**, collaborative leadership, empathy, and self-management.

These were the **core life skills** that would stay with them forever.

Then came the **Assessment at age nine** — a true turning point.

Those who didn't qualify for the Supreme Council Training Program… or chose not to join… were not labeled or cast aside.

Based on their evaluation results and personal interests, they entered tailored **Talent Cultivation Plans**.

By **middle school**, students would branch into specialized schools based on their aptitudes and passions.

Beyond continuing their studies in mother tongue, history, AI, traditional medicine, meta-self thinking, and life skills…

The focus shifted to:

Deep specialization in the fields of their choosing.

And the most unique part?

These schools were **no longer isolated ivory towers.**

From day one, every student was connected to a **global, dynamic learning network** for their specific discipline — linking:

- Other specialized middle schools;
- University research teams;

- Corporate R&D departments;
- Even cross-national project groups.

Students didn’t just learn cutting-edge knowledge.

They **engaged directly in discussions, shared perspectives, and proposed their own ideas.**

Ideas sparked. Innovation flourished.

Collaboration across borders, ages, and backgrounds led to breakthroughs at a pace the old world could never have matched.

As for the value of old-world “degrees”?

The title remained… but its weight had shifted.

Now, the true badge of honor?

A simple… yet brilliant term:

“Contributor.”

Anyone — whether an independent researcher or part of a team —

Could earn this title by proposing **innovative solutions to humanity’s shared challenges**, and having them validated through the rigorous processes of the Department of Human Education & Technological Development.

And what did you get?

- A **substantial one-time bonus…**
- …and a lifelong title: **“Contributor.”**

A title that symbolized real, measurable progress for civilization.

A status far beyond any elite diploma.

On public platforms, the Supreme Council ran an ongoing global challenge system — inviting solutions for humanity’s toughest problems.

Any spark of an idea… could become a catalyst for change.

And right now, at the top of the system announcement board?

A **bold red challenge**:

> **【How to Effectively Recover Near-Earth Orbital Space Debris】**

Followed by a rapidly growing list of anonymous submissions.

In a classroom, a boy who had just submitted a “fluid dynamics model optimization proposal” to the North American group, closed the shared interface.

His eyes drifted to the challenge post.

His fingers tapped lightly on the desk.

“Space junk…” he murmured.

His mind flickered with a vague, thrilling thought —

> **Magnetic field control… controlled deflection…?**

Maybe, after class, he should swing by the materials lab…

And borrow a sample of that new superconducting material.

Just to see what happens.

Chapter Twenty-Three – *International Relations & Economic Trade*

The **Department of Human Economic and Trade Coordination**.

The name sounded a bit clunky.

But this unassuming-sounding body… held real power over the entire world.

It was like an invisible **global control center** —

One hand firmly gripping the pulse of global currencies, financial activities, and trade data…

The other holding a **judgment hammer** — harder than anyone could’ve imagined.

Economic disputes between nations — no matter how complex, thorny, or historically rooted —

Had no choice but to come to the table here for mediation.

And once the Coordination Department issued a ruling?

> **It took effect immediately. No appeals. No delays. No excuses.**

Anyone who dared to mess with the **“Supreme Principles”**… or was reckless enough to openly defy enforcement?

Well, they’d just made the biggest mistake of their lives.

The details would go straight to their regional headquarters…

…followed immediately by a **full assembly convening.**

Presidents. Oligarchs. Global power players.

All would be “invited” to stand before the representatives… and face judgment.

In the end?

A vote would decide:

> **Whether you’d be held personally criminally liable.**

Just the thought of it sent chills down spines.

Who would dare to mess around after that?

After the Supreme Council officially began operations, this system didn’t just stay on paper.

It became a **real, living “tiger descending the mountain.”**

Those old forces that used to rely on “unilateral sanctions” and “trade embargoes” to strangle others —

Like the Starland Nation (□□□), the EU bloc, and all those who’d grown used to the idea that “might makes right” —

Now? All of them had gone quiet.

Their corporations didn’t dare make a wrong move.

Their leaders? Certainly didn’t dare be the first to test the waters.

In the old world’s major powers, there was even a saying:

> **“You’d rather go clean a sewer than let the Coordination Department take a look at your books.”**

Laughter — but behind it, fear. Wariness. And silent submission to the new rules.

But the Coordination Department wasn’t just an enforcer.

It was also a **builder**.

It took the lead, assembling top-tier international expert teams from around the globe…

…and diving headfirst into regions desperate for development.

From drafting blueprints, attracting investment, building infrastructure, to helping open up markets —

> **The whole package. One-stop service.**

The efficiency of resource integration was staggering.

Those developing nations — long trapped by political chains, economic barriers, and technological blockades —

Which made up over **80% of the global population** —

Finally, they could…

> **Run free.**

And their needs?

They were simple. Real. Immediate.

Outdated production lines discarded by developed regions?

Here, they found a **second life.**

Old-generation electronics?

Snatched up like treasures.

Businesses were thrilled.

Why?

Because their R&D costs had already been recouped in their home markets.

Now?

They were looking at **massive markets many times larger than their own**…

And the best part?

> **Pure profit.**

One auto parts factory owner shouted excitedly during an online meeting:

> “My old model engines, the ones that’ve been sitting in storage for years? They’re selling like crazy in Zanba, Africa!”
>
> “The locals say they’re a hundred times better than the ‘iron lumps’ they used before!”

More importantly…

> **The shadow of war… finally lifted.**

The pressure to survive? Gone.

Everyone was laser-focused on one thing:

> **Making life better — for themselves, their families, and their nations.**

And one of the biggest reasons behind that change?

> **The complete opening and sharing of technology.**

You wouldn’t believe it —

Longtime “rivals” like Dragonia Country (□□) and the Star Banner Nation actually joined forces —

To roll out the **6th-generation global communications network** across every corner of the planet.

Satellite signals?

> **Full coverage. No dead zones.**

International shipping?

> **Completely transformed.**

Massive cargo ships and cargo planes? All upgraded with **autonomous driving systems**.

In port control rooms, operators sipped coffee leisurely, watching ships on their screens…

> **Docking. Loading. Unloading. All on their own.**

Occasionally, one might joke:

> “These ‘tin sailors’? More reliable than I ever was back in the day!”

The change was quiet…

But it was earth-shattering.

It was reshaping everyone’s life.

Take Old Li, a deep-sea sailor. During a video call with his wife and kids, he laughed:

> “Next year for your birthday, I’ll be home to cut the cake!”
>
> “This old boat? It drives itself now!”

On the other end of the screen, his kid’s cheers nearly blew the roof off.

There were countless families like Old Li’s around the world.

They were, little by little, **getting back the precious time stolen by distance, war, and uncertainty.**

The world of trade, now free of technological barriers, was operating with **unprecedented vitality and efficiency.**

And the **Department of Human Economic and Trade Coordination**?

It was the engine making sure everything stayed within the rules…

…ran smoothly at high speed…

…and never, ever stopped.

Though for those still stuck in the old ways of playing the game?

The sound of that engine?

> **It sent chills down their spines.**

Chapter Twenty-Four – *Artificial Intelligence & The Changing Society*

Jupiter stared at the floating 3D virtual interface in front of him.

His fingers flew across an invisible keyboard, lines of code and cascading data streams scrolling rapidly across the screen — only to be swiftly reorganized, analyzed, and verified under his touch.

Right now, he had **two days a week** of internship at the **Dragonia Country Cybersecurity Center**.

This place was the **live training ground for the eastern node** of the Supreme Council's Global Defense Network —

The frontlines of technology… and the beating heart of future defense.

Around him, other teens — just like him — were immersed in their own missions.

The only sounds were the soft glow of holograms… and the occasional quiet exchange of technical ideas, breaking the focused silence.

“Simulation attack package #47. Defensive sequence verified.”

A crisp system notification chimed.

Jupiter let out a quiet breath and leaned back in his chair.

From beside him came a soft chuckle — it was **Ah Jie (□□)**, the kid sitting next to him, who had just cracked a more complex penetration simulation.

“Another one?” Ah Jie raised an eyebrow, smirking. “Guess being on the Council’s ‘key training list’ ain’t just for show.”

His fingers never stopped, still fine-tuning his firewall parameters.

Jupiter smiled, but spoke honestly:

“Lucky, I guess. This attack pattern had a similar signature in the database.”

But his gaze remained sharp, scanning the dense flow of data on-screen.

Because he knew —

> **AI had already taken over the bulk of basic protection and analysis.**

But kids like him — the so-called “core of the future defense line” — their job was to find the **hidden, deviously clever new threats** lurking within AI’s logic blind spots…

…threats that could be exploited by what some still called “beastified humanoid entities.”

“Seriously,” Ah Jie said without looking up, voice thoughtful. “We’ve got it way better than those old-world folks.”

“No need to grind out repetitive, boring work just to survive. We get to do stuff we actually like… and that actually challenges us.”

“My dad said they used to call it… what was it? ‘996’?” He made a face. “Sounds exhausting just hearing it.”

Jupiter nodded, but didn’t reply. His eyes stayed locked on a tiny anomaly in the data stream.

Because he knew —

Human value had been completely redefined.

Doctors relied on AI to diagnose most common illnesses… but those rare, complex conditions tied to new forms of consciousness? Still needed top-tier research teams.

Judges and lawyers handled routine disputes faster than ever… but crafting fairer, more civilized rules? That was the job of the Supreme Council.

As for those “ordinary jobs” from the old days?

Automated systems had long since taken over.

Now, the world valued:

- **Innovative thinking**
- **Mastery of craft**
- **Compassion and care**
- **Strategic decision-making**
- …and even — **the ability to cook a meal that warms the heart**

These were the real “hard currency.”

The true symbols of respect.

No more monopolistic conglomerates.

Only individuals who earned admiration through **genuine skill and contribution.**

Jupiter also spent time at the **Community Care Center** — one of his favorite places.

He often visited a little girl named **Xiao Yu (□□)**, who’d just lost her grandmother.

The atmosphere there felt like something out of an old book — a real **“extended family.”**

Professional guardians and smart care AIs worked together. Laughter filled the sunlit rooms.

He even saw an elderly aerospace engineer — once a titan in Dragonia Country's space program, now with silver hair but sharp as ever — patiently guiding a group of teens as they assembled a model of a micro satellite.

> "The word 'retirement' doesn't exist anymore," Jupiter thought.
>
> "Only natural transitions… and ongoing contributions."

But that peace…

Was interrupted — just like that — during one ordinary mission.

Jupiter's fingers hovered mid-air.

A signal fragment — **extremely faint, unusually structured, and encrypted** — had just flickered across his monitor.

So fast it could've been a glitch.

But it was clearly trying to —

> **Bypass the core "Supreme Principle" protocol validation layer.**

And its target?

> **The neural regulation system interface of a regional medical center.**

That system was deeply integrated with citizens' vital signs and consciousness states.

If breached? The consequences would be unthinkable.

"Ah Jie," Jupiter said, voice low and tense.

"Hm?" Ah Jie looked up from his screen.

"Check my history cache. Coordinates Alpha-7. Timestamp 1374.85."

Jupiter quickly shared the captured data fragment.

"That signal fragment… it's not like any known test package."

Ah Jie's expression turned serious in an instant.

His fingers danced through the air, pulling up deep analysis tools.

“That encryption… non-standard. Has echoes of old-world darknet protocols, but way sneakier.”

“It’s trying to touch medical core systems? Who the hell’s bold enough for that?”

The two locked eyes — both seeing the same quiet dread.

Ever since the **Human Civilization Security & Defense Forces** cleared out the chaos of the old era, openly active “beastified humanoid entities” had all but vanished.

But that didn’t mean the threat was gone.

This kind of stealthy probe — targeting life-support systems?

It carried a familiar, deeply unsettling malice.

“Report it?” Ah Jie asked, finger hovering near the emergency comm button.

Jupiter took a deep breath. Then shook his head.

“Double-check first.”

He had to know —

Was this just system noise? A random glitch?

Or…

Was it the darkness… reaching out again?

“I’m Jupiter,” he thought silently.

> “I have to protect this world — like Jupiter guards the Earth.”

Protection…

Was never just a word.

Out there, in the depths of the data ocean…

A silent hunt had already begun.

And the trail of that signal?

It seemed to lead toward a section of the network marked as “low activity” — an old industrial zone node.

Theoretically, it should’ve only held dormant legacy devices.

But Jupiter knew…

> **The real threats… always hide deeper than you’d ever think.**

Chapter Twenty-Five – *Epilogue: Shifting Perception – We Can All Reach the Seventh Parallel Reality*

Jupiter had just finished a simulation drill — one focused on **“network communication protocol vulnerabilities.”**

The data streams on-screen had just settled back to zero.

A green light on the training platform lit up steadily, signaling: **mission complete.**

He rubbed his eyes — they were a little sore, his vision slightly blurred from staring at the virtual interface for too long.

But his mind?

It was unusually clear.

Just then, a new topic popped up on the platform’s public discussion board — and it caught his attention immediately.

The subject?

“Parallel realities.”

A trainee from the European sector had posted a short thread:

> “Has anyone else experienced something like this? You drop something — like, right in front of you — and it just vanishes. Then, days later, it reappears in the exact same spot, untouched. Or… that thing called the ‘Mandela Effect’ — where a bunch of people all misremember the same detail, like our collective memory got rewritten or something… How do you explain that?”

Comments poured in quickly:

- “What about déjà vu?! That feeling like you’ve been in a situation before, like you dreamed it?”

- “I heard it’s related to quantum observation effects. That our consciousness chooses which reality branch we enter…”

- “LOL, some people go even further. They think the human ‘collective subconscious’ is like one big database — and sometimes, we all ‘sync’ by accident…”

- “I think it all comes down to consciousness. Reality is just how our brain interprets information. Every choice we make jumps us into a corresponding parallel timeline.”

Jupiter scrolled through the posts, nodding slightly to himself.

He’d actually experienced some of those things himself.

Like that time his favorite gaming chip had slipped off the edge of his desk.

He’d watched it fall — and searched the floor for it forever. Couldn’t find it anywhere.

But a **week later?**

It was just sitting there. Right where it had fallen.

As if it had **never disappeared at all.**

He’d thought it was… **weird.**

And now, one comment in particular stood out:

> **“It’s all about consciousness. Reality is just how the brain interprets information. Every choice we make jumps us into a corresponding parallel timeline.”**
>
> **“If you believe that global unity is a beautiful thing, you’ll live in a ‘unity frequency’ world. People with similar frequencies will naturally gather, and the world changes with you. But if you believe survival of the fittest is the rule… then that’s the jungle you’ll live in.”**

Jupiter’s fingers hovered above the virtual keyboard. He didn’t type right away.

Instead, he looked out the window — at the city skyline.

There was no smog. No slums. No alarms. No walls.

He thought about everything he’d seen, done, and heard these past years:

- Families once crushed by poverty now had basic security and dignity;
- People once tormented by illness now received timely care and compassion;
- Nations once threatened by war and sanctions now had the right to develop, and lived in peace;
- And those who once lived only for money and power? They were learning how to contribute — to others, to society, to civilization.

He remembered something his training instructor once told him:

> **“The power of human consciousness is far beyond what we can imagine. Cleaning up the old world’s toxins was purification on a physical level… but spiritual unity and elevation? That’s the foundation that keeps civilization alive.”**

And if…

…there was even a shred of truth to the idea of parallel realities…

Then Jupiter stared at the phrase highlighted on-screen:

> **“You become what you believe.”**

And suddenly, he felt something rise up inside him.

A sense of **responsibility.**

Deeper than any mission he’d had before.

Bigger than guarding digital borders, intercepting attacks, or tracking strange signals.

What he was protecting now…

…might not just be the safety of the physical world.

It might also be this hard-won **“frequency.”**

The one where humanity had **chosen** to trust… to cooperate… to empathize… to hope.

Were those “falling objects,” “memory shifts,” or “déjà vu flashes”…

…really just random glitches in the fabric of time?

Or…

…were they **signs?**

Warnings?

Reminders that humanity’s collective consciousness could still **drift away from this hard-won path?**

Jupiter closed the discussion thread.

On-screen, the emblem for the **“Human Civilization Security & Defense Corps Reserve Unit”** glowed softly — a quiet pulse of light.

A reminder?

A calling?

He took a deep breath.

This responsibility…

…it might be even heavier than he’d thought.

But he didn’t hesitate.

He clicked open the next task:

“Analysis of encrypted communication protocols.”

A new challenge.

A new line of defense.

And Jupiter knew —

> **As long as humanity chooses to believe in the light…**
>
> **As long as each of us is willing to become that light…**
>
> **Then, without even realizing it…**
>
> **We've already arrived.**

At that place they call the **Seventh Parallel Reality.**

A reality that is:

> **More peaceful. More just. More compassionate. More true to our essence.**

A new frequency.

For a new civilization of humanity.

Supplementary Content

Highest Principles of the Supreme Council

Article I: Right to Life and Survival

The right to life and survival of all humans shall be of utmost priority. No individual shall be abandoned or sacrificed based on identity, wealth, or contribution. Violators will be charged with a Class A felony, and all humans have the right to apprehend and extradite them to the International United Tribunal.

Article II: Use of Lethal Weapons

Lethal weapons and military equipment shall only be used in response to natural disasters, extraterrestrial threats, or non-human biological threats. Violators will be charged with a Class A felony.

Article III: Management of Nuclear and Biochemical Weapons

Nations possessing nuclear and biochemical weapons must relinquish activation authority to the Supreme Council of Humankind. Use is permitted only in response to extraterrestrial or non-human biological threats, and only after a unanimous vote by all member nations. Violators will be charged with a Class A felony.

Article IV: Common Ownership of Essential Resources

Medical care, pharmaceuticals, basic food, drinking water, electricity, housing, knowledge, technology, communications, artificial intelligence, and national currencies are the common property of all humans and citizens. Commercial use or profit is prohibited. Violators will bear civil or criminal liability. All nations must abolish physical currency in favor of digital currency, with global transaction records retained for over 500 years.

Article V: Care for Vulnerable Groups

Individuals under 21, disabled persons, and the elderly have the right to care. In the absence of familial care, the state is responsible for arranging alternative care. Violators will bear civil or criminal liability.

Article VI: Management of National and Regional Authority

National and regional authority cannot be acquired through hereditary succession, force, or religious grounds. The ruling authority of monarchies, theocracies, military dictatorships, or regions in civil war reverts immediately to all lawful residents. Adult citizens may organize new governments through universal suffrage and register with the Supreme Council by December 31, 2027.

Article VII: Demarcation of Contested Territories

Boundaries of contested territories must be determined by the will of adult residents through voting and registered with the Supreme Council by December 31, 2027. The sovereignty of uninhabited areas or islands will be decided based on actual management as of January 23, 2027, at midnight. Resources of Antarctica, the Arctic, and the Moon are owned by all humans and managed by the Supreme Council.

Article VIII: Management of Armed Organizations and National Militaries

All armed organizations and national militaries must register with the Supreme Council or disband. Those choosing to continue must transfer management to the Supreme Council. Violators will be charged with a Class A felony, and leadership will be prosecuted.

Article IX: Right to Recall National Leaders

Citizens of all nations have the right to initiate a recall vote for national leaders, officials, and political representatives.

Governments must not obstruct or interfere with recall votes. Public officials must pass a developmental and personality assessment to hold office.

Article X: Crimes Against Human Civilization

Crimes such as armed assault, incitement of hostility, espionage, sovereignty violations, dissemination of false information, murder, slavery, human trafficking, sexual assault, food safety offenses, medical malpractice, abuse, coercion, bribery, restriction of knowledge, medical access, housing, weapon possession, gambling, resource restriction, invention hoarding, and bribery will be uniformly handled by the Supreme Council.

Article XI: Sharing of Technological Inventions

Except for artistic and cultural creations, inventions in natural science, technology, and technical fields must be shared with all humans. Inventors may apply for contribution assessments and may receive rewards and ongoing support. Commercial use of inventions requires payment of relevant fees.

Article XII: Loans and Basic Living Security

States and the Supreme Council have the authority to extend loans externally, with interest not exceeding 20% of the principal. Loans must be related to substantive economic activities. Individuals with income below the basic living standard may register for deferred repayment. Governments are responsible for providing subsidies to citizens below the basic living standard.

Article XIII: Right to Equitable Development

All humans have the right to equitable development. Market monopolies, price discrimination, sanctions, tariffs, collective pricing, and other means to hinder equitable development opportunities are prohibited. Violators will be charged with a Class A felony.